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The Seed

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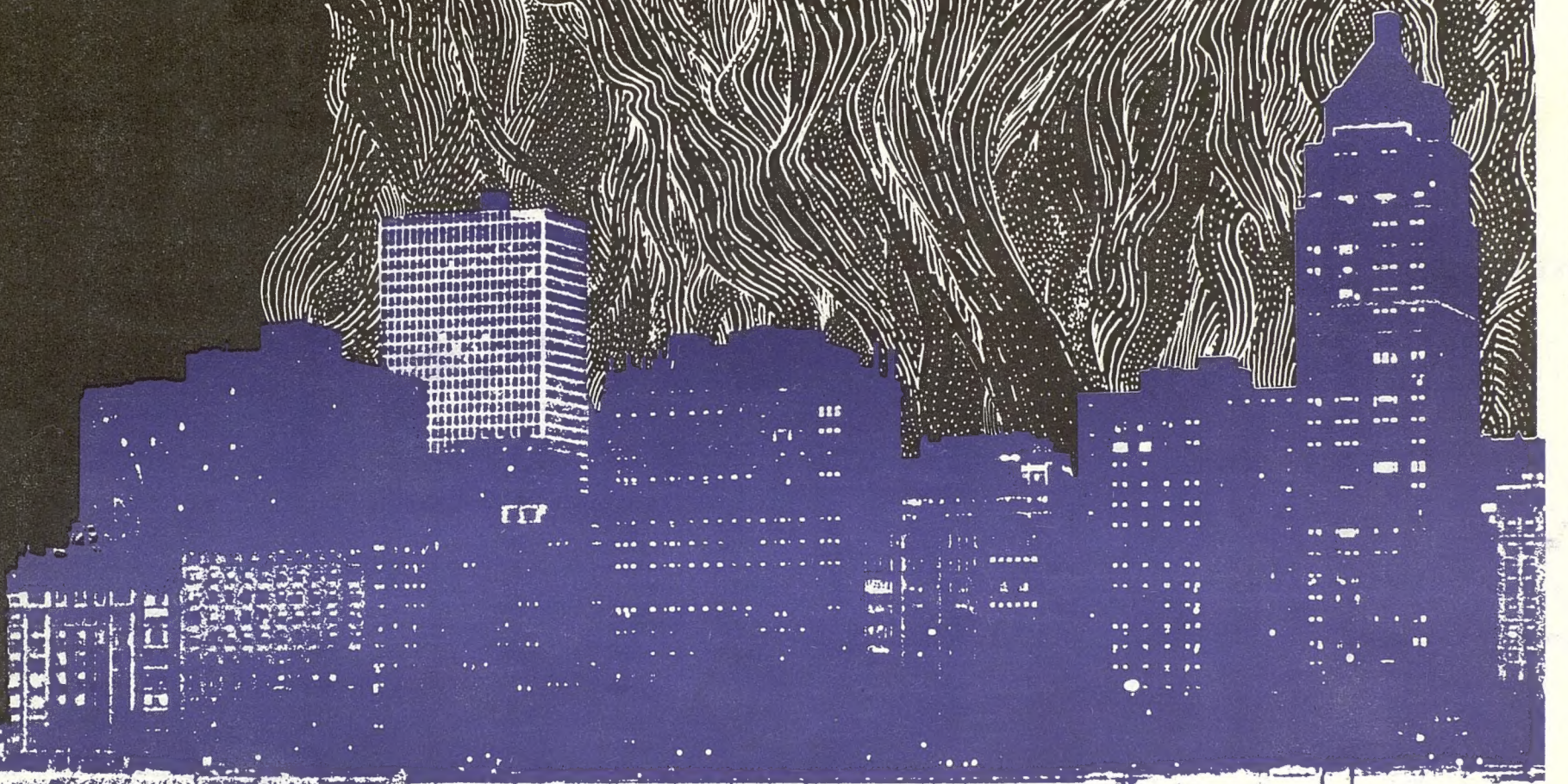
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THE SEED



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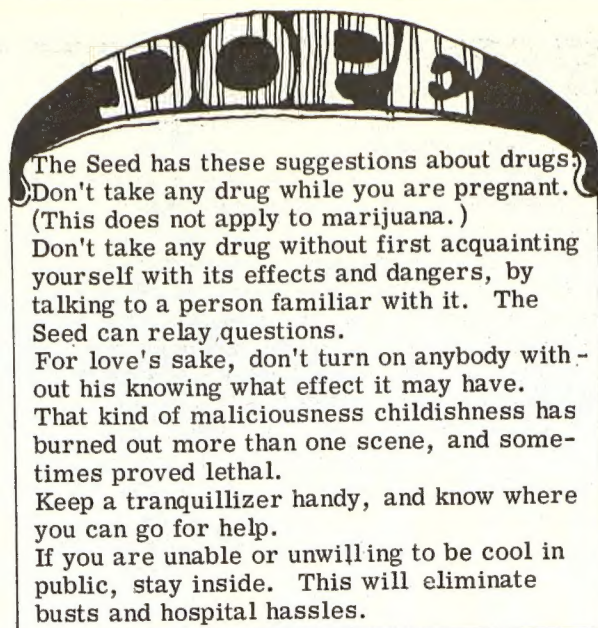
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(We get by with a little help from our friends)



The Seed has these suggestions about drugs. Don't take any drug while you are pregnant. (This does not apply to marijuana.) Don't take any drug without first acquainting yourself with its effects and dangers, by talking to a person familiar with it. The Seed can relay questions. For love's sake, don't turn on anybody without his knowing what effect it may have. That kind of maliciousness childishness has burned out more than one scene, and sometimes proved lethal. Keep a tranquillizer handy, and know where you can go for help. If you are unable or unwilling to be cool in public, stay inside. This will eliminate busts and hospital hassles.

The Sun-Times, in it's bland and superficial spread on the "Old Town hippy scene", lists "Papa" Segal as sole founder of the Seed, said that he retains a "fatherly" interest, and that he sold it to four of his readers. We don't have to depend on the Sun-Times for news, thank God.

Midwest Artists for Peace seems to be bogged down in committees. They promised us material for this issue, "something that voices a protest without making a direct statement, using the arts as a protest." They have promised more and better material for our next issue, but they are coming on like a camel with wings. Effective protest demands direct action, not bureaucracy. Where are the poets reading in the streets, the guerilla theatre, a napalmed pig screaming down State street to give the people a look at what they're financing in Vietnam. Take a look in the mirror, breathe, live, make love, not war.

SUMMARY of N C N P RESOLUTIONS

- Vietnam: Immediate withdrawal of all troops other than Vietnamese.
- Latin America: NCNP support revolutionary activity in Venezuela, Bolivia, Guatemala, Brazil, Argentina, Peru and Colombia.
- South Africa: Boycott American companies which profit from slave labor (e.g., General Motors).
- Spanish-America: Restoration of 1848 Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, guaranteeing their land to those of Mexican descent.
- Appalachia: Put an end to strip mining which despoils the land. Place welfare programs in the hands of the people. Stop harrassment of local organizing groups.
- Sex: No laws except against forcible rape and child molestation. Polygamy and group marriage recognized.
- Drugs: Scientific evaluation. Drug addiction an illness, not a crime. Legalize marijuana. All now imprisoned for drug use, freed.
- Nonviolence: "Pain, destruction and bitterness follow the use of violence ... civil resistance and creative disorder have greater power to achieve the changes desired..."
- Civil Liberties: Abolition of HUAC. CIA open to public inspection. FBI cease spying on citizens, concentrate on organized crime and enforcing civil rights.
- Draft: Abolition of the draft; presently, encouragement of open resistance.



and we'd like to thank Sgt., Peppers
one and only, lonely hearts club band

Hearing music far away
I stopped singing -
So did they.



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NEW POLITICS - TOO LATE?

by Cynthia Edelman



It was easy enough to see what happened at the National Conference for New Politics, harder to tell what effect it may have. In spite of the agreeable, predictable resolutions turned out, very few delegates got what they came for. Each group expected something different, but they all got a kick in the ass, which might be good.

The Black Caucus, against the cries of many black militants, voted to participate in the Conference if certain demands were granted, among them 50% black representation on all committees. The anti-white militants then split away and undertook harrasing tactics against the Conference. The plenary voted to accept all black demands, including a pledge to work in white communities to subdue the "savage and beastly" character of whites. SNCC and CORE originally had been admitted as observers, that is, with power to speak but not to vote. Rap Brown of SNCC refused to speak to the whites - his second in command, James Forman, spoke in his stead for an hour and a half. Black speakers were invariably flanked by tall, African-robed guards, as though they feared their fellow panelists might attack. Dr. King vanished after his rally speech as though aware of his ghostly aspect in the face of that multitude which has passed him by. Willy-nilly whether or no, King is now considered a part of the Establishment.

Even after the re-division to give blacks equal committee power, inequities persisted, e.g., the Black Panther group received 350 votes, while a New York delegation from a group formed only two weeks before, carried 500 votes. The equal division of opinion regarding concentration on either local or national elections (13,517 nat'l to 13,519 local) was the foremost example of factional disagreement in the New Politics.

The Black Power success in making the whites feel weak, pale and nervous, making the body answer "Yassah, boss, that's right," to everything a black leader said, was too easy to do anything but reinforce black contempt for the whites they have protected themselves from for two hundred years by shuckin' and jivin'. People who do not wish to think in any terms but a united race of deliciously various skin color, were forced once again to accept a division. Possibly the nice S.A.N.E. ladies learned more about what they're involved in, but I doubt they admit to themselves what was clear from the first night: the blacks have the power, energy and will to do what they want, which seems to be immediately collecting their debts, in blood if necessary.

("Make immediate reparation for the historic, physical, sexual, mental and economic exploitation of black people", read the Black Caucus proposal.)

The kids who came to heckle Dr. King at the opening rally were pillars of pride and hatred. They don't want to hear those promises any more, from anybody.

The best idea I heard was to have a spontaneous pot party in the last plenary and turn everybody on.

Robert Scheer, managing editor of *Ramparts*, revealed the prevalent feeling of self-hate among white radicals, who bear the guilt of their nation and race on their shoulders; and James Forman (SNCC) pushed it further with "We will liberate you whether you like it or not." Forman refused, however, to hear a point of order from a little blonde, and when she asked if this was a dictatorship, he replied, "Yes, I'm a dictator." Later he said, "You mustn't take that too seriously." A reporter commented above the din this exchange caused, "I think they just fucked themselves." Certainly it seemed in that moment that the last possibility of merging or even of white self-determination had disappeared. It was overpoweringly obvious that the blacks have the majority of their people behind them so long as they opt for immediate action. They are way ahead of white radicals, who still need years of argument and clever action to build a mass movement. The black movement is ready, waiting some instinctual signal to proceed directly. They toyed with the Conference, measured the whites and found them wanting.

Floyd McKissick (CORE), an honorable man who deeply moved the plenum, invited white support by active participation in the black struggle (but his invitation to the Southside rally was withdrawn), and this will be needed to round out their numbers, whether for voting or revolt. Basically the blacks do not care if a single white man backs them. "He who has the power to destroy can have political power." McKissick pointed the way for non-militants: "Tell your sons and daughters, father and mothers, the black man is equal, and they have a stake in this country." We must convince everyone we meet that minority liberation means liberation for all. Forman emphasized African origins and disclaimed any stake in this country after liberation; he called on blacks to join the revolution in Africa.

We have to attack a tremendous sociological bulwark from all sides, to win over the people and change the system. At the

Conference the system was represented, among others, by the Chicago Tribune, which spent the days counting Communists (it came up with seven) and rounding up Uncle Toms to denounce their brothers.

Our children are taught a largely fictional history in which America is never wrong and which excludes real patriots like Big Bill Heywood. Before we can cope with the Establishment, as Bob Cook (Amer. Independence Movement) suggested, we must have our own radio stations, co-operative stores, schools and farms. To establish these we need more activists - and more time.

It is quite clear that very soon we will face rifles and bombs on all sides - aimed by our brothers, whether blacks, policemen or red-necks - even as they have been aimed all these years at our black brothers.


Delegates generally left the Conference with determination to do the necessary local organizing. In Chicago, the question raised is whether to expose ourselves by our activity to legal and extra-legal assault, or whether it is not legitimate to remain underground and protect the evolutionary seeds, that they may not be entirely uprooted by the holocaust. Only you can do your thing, actively or passively, but if you are not fully committed to it, you contribute to the demise of all that is humanly beautiful. What does the nonviolent man do when surrounded by violence? You will be brought to an answer.

A grassroots organizer from Georgia explained that to him, being with it means quitting your meaningless job, alienating your family, wearing old clothes, going hungry, hitchhiking from city to city to carry the message. We have a little experience along that line, but it has been from choice till now, not necessity.

A great struggle continues through the world, a struggle for people against technocrats, against fascism, racism, and ultimately, against nationalism. A struggle for MAN without qualification. Can we forget that our ease is at this moment bought with the ghastly pain of thousands, thinking, loving men, hungry because we pour milk into ditches to raise the price, wounded because we "need" the minerals in the ground they till?

1984 is drawing near, when "freedom" means tyranny and death; "law" means beatings and confinement for principles or simply wearing the wrong clothes; "government" means manipulation of event, thought, life; and "education" means turning children into sexless adult automatons.

The NCNP has shown us at least one thing: the time is shorter than we knew, and we must decide NOW what we will do personally to restore humans to the path, before the Universe blots us out as too stupid to remain on a ravaged earth.

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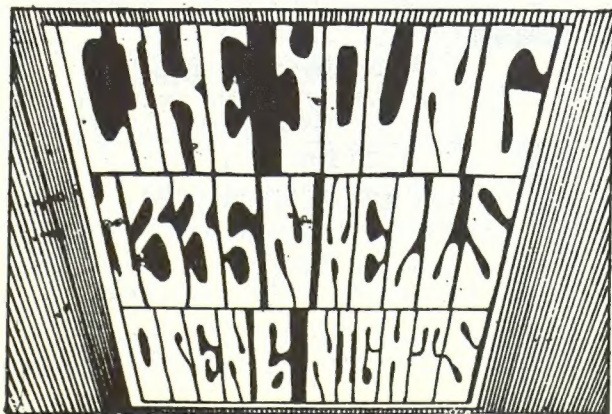
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All of us, hippies, Diggers, and assorted freaks must realize one fact if we are to understand how this society attempts to mess with our minds. That fact is that we are madmen. And like the madmen of medieval times, who were kept within the no man's land between the inner and outer gates of the walled towns of that age, today's hippies amuse and frighten the populace. Consequently, for the community of Life freaks to grow invites the reaction of the fearful. To defend ourselves from this situation, and at the same time overcome it, we must gain allies amongst those who are struggling against alienation and exploitation. This alliance may be forming in the Bay Area and on the Lower East Side. It must happen here. Furthermore, with every means at our disposal we must carry our way of life into every bourgeois landscape and totally disrupt and transform it. Before I return to discuss, very briefly, implementation. I wish to touch upon the alternative, that is, to do nothing and become a social oddity - a source solely of amusement.

Undoubtedly our oppressors would relish this occurrence, indeed, already they have begun to circumspect our influence to achieve this end. The entire hippy phenomenon has to a large extent become a colorful side-show in the Establishment's on-going spectacle. This was the danger inherent in several diggers projects, that they could easily become charitable institutions. Once this happens the movement is incorporated into the system and becomes a stabilizing factor allowing its members to do their thing within the context of general repression. Why? Simply because a movement for liberation can be emasculated quickly when it opens itself for categorization in the Establishment's frame of reference. To use another example, the hippy protest is many times classified as the eternal revolt of youth against its parents. In both cases the content of the revolt gets lost and the disturbed lull themselves to sleep muttering stupidities about the eventual maturing of its young on the one hand, and the charming eccentricity of its more sensitive and idealistic (and impractical) members on the other. These phony conceptions do not replace the content alone; thanks to the capitalists, so does the peripheral ornamentation. The commercialization of the movement allows for its democratization - anyone can "participate" in an historical phenomenon merely by purchasing some bells and beads.

Lastly and seemingly paradoxically, the movement has been over-exposed by the mass media, assuming the qualities of a huge advertising campaign for something or other in the process. And like an extravagant promo everyone expects it all to vanish after a few months when the new craze begins to ascend in the public eye. The purpose of all this is to mystify the population to what is a revolt to a death-oriented society. One coherent revolt is frag-



ALISSESSITY OF NECESSITY FREEDOM IS THE RECOGNITION

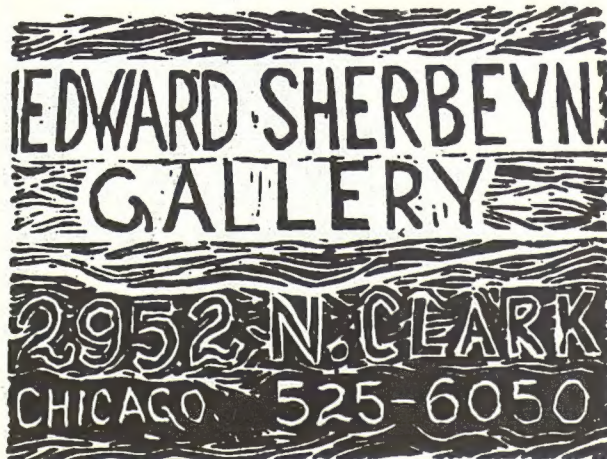
mented into many, all cancelling each other out by their very diversity. No one has the answer if all have one, so the public is made to believe.

The problem is simply to prevent a revolution from becoming a social aberration. Maybe the first step is to realize that we are, like all madmen in history, making a revolution; but one that transcends merely the revamping of sociopolitical realities. The kind of life we want to live cannot be served to us by reshuffling economic priorities. A new life can be found only by the release of Eros bringing about a transvaluation of all values and an existence that is fully cognizant of submerged realities. Needless to say, given our desires, we cannot make the mistake accompanying all reformism, we cannot confront the system on the system's terms. In short, we cannot make use of the language of repression. We must be like children, able to imagine a world full of magic using the props of the so-called real one to smash its oppressiveness and remake, from the ruins, a continuous celebration. This is what the Stones' "Dandelion" is all about. And for that matter, the Marx brothers.

We can form alliances with other suppressed elements of our society by first of all, not obstructing their efforts towards liberation and by joining them whenever feasible in demonstrations of solidarity. We shall gain friends, however, mainly through doing our own thing, building our own community and agitating in our own way. All sorts of experiments in living and loving together must be tried; the establishment of communes and of every imaginable sort of free service are beginnings. However, we should not delude ourselves by thinking that these are solutions to the totalitarianism we have to contend with, but more nearly survival measures to sustain our struggle. They will of course also enlarge participation, for after all, free life forms are beautiful examples of people trying to meet their own real needs and those of their friends, and they will, because of these supportive features, attract people who are on the verge of quitting the system. To create a counter-society means also creating new rituals, myths and celebrations, illustrating a life devoted to gratification and not productivity. Our agitation, our attempts at persuasion should be these new rituals.

It's irrelevant to work out the details on paper - the way to live is by doing. In this society, doing is a revolutionary act.

--equius onager



he who desires but acts not breeds pestilence



The Beatles have bought their own island in Greece. The price was 150,000 pounds, or \$420,000. Both the British and the Greeks were against the deal. The British felt the purchase suggests that the Beatles are lending their support to the right-wing Greek military dictatorship. The Greeks were against it because the Beatles represent everything the army leaders detest - to wit: rebelliousness, non-conformist dress, and a general tendency to plunge into controversy (Beatles' full page ad in the London Times asking for the legalization of marijuana).

reprinted from Open City

The Warhol crowd is a bunch of screaming faggots.

I believe that in some societies one cannot be true to one's highest beliefs without paying for it in suffering.

--Alan Paton

Dr. Timothy Leary is now being sued by the parents of a young boy for \$600,000. The parents claim that their son committed suicide by jumping out of a window while on a bad trip. They state that their son took LSD after being persuaded by Dr. Leary that the drug was not dangerous.

How did you decide how much your son was worth? Did your lawyer tell you?

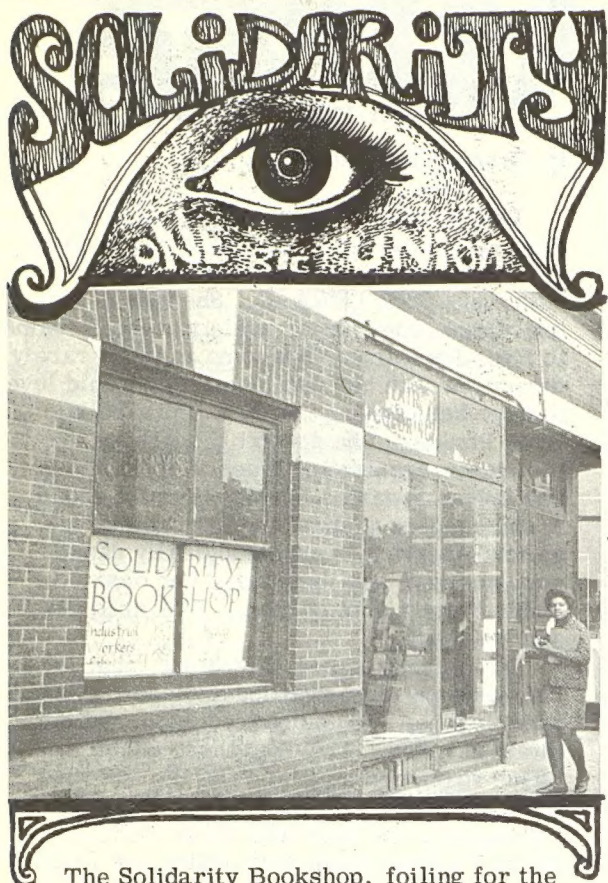
The Warhol crowd is not a bunch of rich boring junkies.

Statement by Rap Brown to the SNCC newspaper, Movement, August 1967.

It should be ... understandable that we, as black people, should adopt the attitude that we are neither morally nor legally bound to obey laws which were not made with our consent and which seek to oppress us.

The Warhol crowd is a bunch of rich boring junkies.

MADNESS in DEFENSE of SANITY is THEATRE



The Solidarity Bookshop, foiling for the second time Urban Renewal's wrecking ball, has moved to 745 West Armitage, the street of its origins. The Bookshop, which houses a growing list of free services, including free mimeographing, has an unusually hectic history. And a history that has never been recorded before. In December, 1964 at 713 Armitage several Chicago anarchists, Wobblies and madmen hung a large cameo and a traffic light from the ceiling of their storefront and began purveying subversive literature. Everything from Alexander Berkman's ABC of Anarchism to Marvell Comics were sold at a rapid pace to an eager and ever-growing clientele. But revolutionary success always precedes police harassment.

Three years before the venerable Timothy Leary urged everybody to turn on, tune in and drop out, the Chicago branch of the IWW, then sharing the premises, distributed its infamous High School Dropout leaflet across the street to the students of Waller H.S. earning for the Bookshop a reputation it has been trying to live up to ever since. That leaflet along with several gala celebrations sponsored by the bookshop, like the one in the summer of 1965 in honor of Chicago's mad bomber (the fellow who blew up 400 W, S, N and E with calm precision) brought the man. The police and school authorities were especially up-tight behind the Bookshop's activities. As one Bookshop proprietor relates: "The City of Chicago has provided well for the intellectual sterilization of its children, not only by building schools and staf-

ing them with degreed automatons, but also by making it illegal to leaflet within 1,000 feet of a school. The Bookshop was within this illegal perimeter, but also within its rights as a legitimate book-selling establishment, and this situation thwarted the State's iron heel temporarily. Eventually, however, enough pressure was applied to our landlord so that we found ourselves out in the bloody street." It should be noted that the Bookshop is again within the 1,000 foot perimeter.

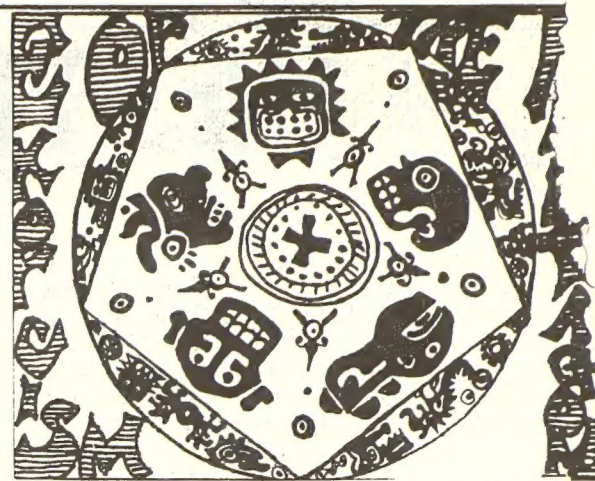
That was in the Fall of 1965. Before the year ended the Bookshop moved into 1947 Larabee and began its skirmish with the Department of Urban Renewal, by refusing to recognize its existence. No rent was paid for several months and when Urban Renewal finally pad-locked the front door, books were literally sold out the back door. Two Bookshop associates were arrested for trespassing before the decision was made to move the books into storage, briefly, and then to 1644 Meyer Court, and to the most subterranean of underground locations.

Present plans for the Bookshop indicate more experiments in the cultivation of bad taste, as one of the Bookshop leaflets states: Open the Prisons, Disband the Army. "The Bookshop has but one goal," says another spokesman, "and that, simply, is to make the Revolution." When people around the Bookshop speak about revolution, they are not referring exclusively to a political occurrence, but also a psychic one. The path that leads to their revolution passes through the lands of Chance and Dreams, onto the other side of the mirror that at present circumscribes man's vision in the service of reaction.

The ultimate aims of those who run the Bookshop, however, have not removed them from immediate concerns, for they have initiated a few free services for the community. Clothes are being collected and distributed freely, along with furniture and books. And significantly a free mimeographing service has been started - Solidarity Communications.

The Bookshop will of course continue to sell books, specializing in anarchist literature and surrealist books and journals, much of it imported and totally unavailable elsewhere, along with books on Marxism, psychedelia, and psychoanalysis. Solidarity also has plans to expand its own publishing ventures. In preparation is a pamphlet illuminating the revolutionary content of America's annual summer insurrections, to be entitled "The Decline and Fall of the Spectacular-Commodity Economy". Also soon to be published is a new Dropout manifesto which "repudiates all social relations geared to a commodity society, and advocates forming individual cosmogonies in anticipation of totally restructuring everyday life."

The staff of the **SOLIDARITY BOOKSHOP** has announced **A DAY LONG PARTY, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23**, to celebrate its **FOURTH OPENING**.



Certain North American tribes believe that the Pentagon is a bad luck sign. However, the evil can be exorcised by inscribing a circle around it. On October 21, the Pentagon will be encircled by freaks.

Seventy-six point two per cent of the following gigs will hit Washington last half this October:

- 1- Ten thousand exuberant people will clog the Pentagon and close it down. Later they'll jam the jails, take them over and turn them into communities.
- 2- A thousand children will stage Loot-Ins at department stores to strike at the property fetish that underlies genocidal war.
- 3- A hundred professors will use their bodies to close down the induction center.
- 4- Seven tailored fraternity boys will wrestle LBJ to the ground and take his pants down. Fotos of the fleshy seat of government will circulate freely.
- 5- Hey, who defoliated the White House lawn?
- 6- Two authentic D. C. cop impersonators will take twelve peace demonstrators to jail and the charges later will poof as the impersonators evaporate into the populace.
- 7- Country Joe and the Fish will make music.
- 8- A single elderly shaman, intoning in his belly, will drive 2600 evil spirits shrieking from the Pentagon. Fourteen key colonels will defect to the Diggers and get \$42,000 from Life for a piece on their earlier karmas.
- 9- Eight thousand hippies will panhandle at embassies to create a certain international embarrassment for U.S. imagers.
- 10- A large black truck containing mysterious electronic equipment will move slowly through the streets of the city. Rumors of a Martian flag flying above the FBI building.
- 11- Hippie chemists will experiment nonviolently on police with anti-riot control agents. "It just makes them feel lazy, that's all."
- 12- Fifteen hundred mothers will hold a Smoke-In in Lafayette Park and the sweet scent in the evening air will cause Lady Bird to sigh in her sleep.
- 13- Nineteen thousand hippies will jam the banks, paralyze them, and proclaim the death of money.
- 14- As the network cameras wheel in for classic counter-demonstrator footage, the BOMB PICKING picket signs will be flipped to say "Does LBJ suck?"
- 15- Forty bearded ghosts from the last Revolution will rise from Arlington Cemetery and scramble the Pentagon's radar system.
- 16- Alice's Air Force will provide mobile civil disobedience units any place in Washington within 45 seconds.
- 17- Hey, who kidnapped the guard at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier?
- 18- During a block party in front of the White House a lad of nine will climb the fence and piss, piss, piss.
- 19- And, of course, there will be God's Inter-galactic Light Show over all.

Most of these things are patiently waiting for people to do them. If you don't dig any of them, do your thing.

OCTOBER

16

The first national, public and massive manifestation of the national draft resistance effort will occur on October 16 under the auspices of the Resistance. To make clear its connection with the others, each of the participating groups will issue the same short statement about the mechanics of the action, along with information of local significance.

In Chicago, a rally will be held the morning of the 16th on each of the college campuses where there are participants. The 2-S classifications of the participants will be pasted up in a public place on campus. Marches from each campus will then converge on the Federal building for a joint rally and handing-in of registration cards. Later on, representatives of the participants will release their statement to the press and answer questions. About 35 young men from the Chicago area have already signed up to participate; anyone interested should contact Paul O'Brien at the Cadre office, 333 W. North Ave., phone 664-6895.

AND THE WAR
GOES ON

THE HIPPIES and THE HYPOCRITES

Part three: Paul Mell and LSD

by Thane Gower Ritalin

I have been touched, as never before, by the concern of many good and gentle citizens over the pains and dangers accompanying LSD trips.

So that my readers, too, may appreciate the solicitousness of our alarmed middle class, I have decided to reveal here the highlights of my interview with one of the most prominent crusaders against what he calls the GAS syndrome (Grass, Acid, Speed).

Paul Mell, a leading cigarette manufacturer, fights against LSD as dedicatedly as he once fought against VD - until he was emasculated by a Big Sur abalone.

A general in the reserve, he is also a past commander of the Americannibal Legion, a Grand Linden Tree Bird in the VFW (Vultures Fomenting War), a 47th degree arch-sub-right reverend-deacon in the Church of the Crystal-Clear Christ, and major stockholder in the Dolly Madison Riot Control Equipment Corporation.

Regarding civil rights issues, Paul Mell considers himself a "moderate, liberal, spiritual pragmatist." He believes in, as he himself defines it, "you know, accelerated gradualism, or graduated accelerationism, you know, escalated liberty, but with brakes in tip-top shape."

Mr. Rev. Gen. Paul Mell rose to the forefront ranks of Caucasians working for Negro freedom when, several years before Civil Rights were taken up by the martini set, he ordered all the secretaries of the firms he controlled, never, never to write the word Negro with a small n, and never, never to hyphenate the word. As his press agent said, "You don't hyphenate white, so why hyphenate Negro? We're all equal - even grammatically."

He is also the internationally renowned author of the police pamphlet, "The Efficacious Starvation of Dogs Prior to Leftwing Demonstrations."

I asked Paul Mell recently what were the philosophical bases of his campaign against LSD in particular and Hippies in general.

He replied, "You know it has nothing to do with philosophy. In fact, that's one of the troubles of today, too much philosophy. This has to do with common sense, and with dollars and cents, which put more olives in more drinks than philosophy ever did, if you know what I mean."

"Well, you see, we in the tobacco game, and it's a big thing, our fourth or fifth major crop industry, a lot bigger than funny buttons and all of them underground presses, well, we make \$2448 on each case of emphysema, and about \$3042 on every lung cancer - maybe one or two hundred or more as the long hundred millimeters catch on - but you gotta remember that emphysema takes about 17 years to pay off, and the cancer thing about 21 years. So, you know, the hippie type that takes off on LSD and, let's say, knows himself off, or gets locked up where smoking's not allowed, is hurting the whole economy, the Gross National Product, the GNP: that's it, it's LSD against GNP, and, you remember the song I helped write for the last convention, 'GNP and LBJ equals YOUSA.'

"But that's not the main thing - not the money, although a friend of mine in the liquor trade, who makes about thirteen grand on every cirrhosis of the liver, is also worried about the impact of the blossom babies, flower children or whatever they call themselves, on the

alcohol industry. They won't drink, and my grandfather was the first one to tell me to be suspicious of anybody who doesn't drink; after all, if he doesn't drink, what does he do? Get the point? The hippies prove that one.

"Anyway, as I was saying, it's not the money. The real thing is that emphysema, cancer, and even my friend's cirrhosis, are family, social, public diseases. I mean they linger, they last, the patient becomes the center of a social activity. Everybody, even the florists - and the flower children should think of them if anybody should - have a chance TO GET INVOLVED. But LSD and the other drugs are introverted; they're anti-social - that's what we really have against them. The users of all those things forget that they need the rest of us; that they need all the things we give ourselves ulcers to produce for them.

"A drinking man can be a thinking man - as U.S. Grant and Teddy Roosevelt and - and Richard Burton prove - but on a 'trip' you're just a lonely drip. Bright colors and Oriental music and voices - bah!

"Now, take something else. Look at our foreign policy. If our international politics are shot, it's because fewer and fewer of our young men are able and willing to get shot. A country grows as it fights. We need, we absolutely need, men and boys willing to shoot and be shot in Korea, Viet Nam, Laos, Cambodia, Japan, Germany, the Congo, Cuba, Venezuela, Guam, Guatemala, Panama, South Africa, and dozens of other places - not to mention New Haven and Milwaukee. But what do we have? Refusers! Refuse, I call them, garbage: card burners, draft dodgers, hiders in Canada, pacifists - and you'll find all of them having something to do with marijuana or LSD or pills of one kind or another. Not a decent soldier in the bunch. All their colors. It all boils down to yellow. The only colors we need are red, white, and blue. That's why we color the packages of all our brands the same color of the flag that so proudly we hailed over the ramparts. Have another drink.

"And they're the same kinds of people that talk about God being dead. Makes me smile - when it doesn't make me mad - the way they think L-S-D will replace G-O-D. Well, they'll learn. Remember the other song I helped write, for that great rally we had last year? 'GO - GO - God, AND YOU'RE GONE FOREVER.' The kids ate it up, kids that weren't dirty and string-haired and doped-up.

"Too bad about that guy who helped with the lyrics. An ex-Marine, too, altar boy, honor student, good clean-looking kid - climbed up into that tower and shot all those people. Now, I'll tell you something. I know for a fact he was so mad at all the hippies and drugs and leftwingers starting to sneak on to the campus, he just lost control.

"A pretty good shot, though."

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HYDE PARK

Part Three

by Ernest Thompson

Continuing for thirty minutes in this same gripping vein of conversation, I found out the following mundane facts about the editor and THE HERALD. She was a General Humanities major while in school, came to Hyde Park from Oklahoma in 1949, rarely disagreed with her publisher, and would love to have her brother marry a white-collar Hyde Parker. She doesn't think there are too many organization types in Hyde Park, she'll lean toward a special interest group if she happens to dig their bag, thinks legalized abortion is psychologically dangerous, and kept her legs under her desk so I couldn't get a shot of them. I thanked her and soon left.

It was easy to see, therefore, that I'd been given a most guarded audience. Casuistic, polite, good humored even, yet definitely guarded. They had three times the office space and staff of VOICES, yet what were they doing with it? Later that evening, I dropped in the sack with three back issues which I'd lifted from their office and found out. Nothing.

The following Tuesday evening, at Ida Noyes Hall, I finally managed to catch Jeff Kuta. With him was a very attractive blond and David Aiken, the paper's executive editor, who calls himself "an all around big brother figure." It was warm so we decided to conduct the interview on the front steps of the hall.

"Not that it matters, but are either of you journalism majors?" I asked while putting it down on the third row of steps.

"No," replied Jeff with a grin, "Sociology."

I looked at Aiken, who said, "Department of Education."

"What's your general impression of the other two Hyde Park papers?" I continued.

Jeff, again, was the first to reply. "Both are fairly community-oriented, I guess. They're okay."

Aiken was more specific. "I can leave the Herald."

"Now," I went on, "I know the Maroon's a liberal sheet, but is there anything you don't like about it?"

Jeff thought for a moment, and then answered in carefully appraised syntax. "Well, it's so far free of censorship. But it needs better organization. A keener system. Everything's sort of haphazard. I like Michigan Daily. I think it's the best college paper in the country."

"You'd like the Maroon to emulate it..." I remarked.

"In a way. Not actually lose its own message, of course, yet it could be improved," said Jeff. Aiken let the matter stand while merely stretching his legs along the cut stone of the Gothic building steps and peering out over the Midway.

"Your tribe. How large is it?"

"Hmm, staff. 25 at the beginning of the school semester, but, as time goes on, we have dropouts for various reasons," said Jeff.

"And how's your printing done? Off-set?"

"No. Composed and rolled," the editor replied.

"Bread. Who signs the checks?" I asked.

"We're running a deficit, these days. Printing costs are high. In fact, they get

Continued on Page 7

Hyde Park Gig Continued from Page 6
higher every year. However, the university makes it up for us. No questions asked."

"Cool. Let's have your views on legalized prostitution, LSD, STP, gambling, etc."

The girl now appeared to be equally interested in Jeff's answer, for she looked at him and smiled as he said, "Well, as everyone knows, marijuana's not habit-forming. Therefore it really isn't necessary to state yes or no as far as legalizing it is concerned. But LSD and STP shouldn't be sold. Also heroin. Prostitution, though, should be legalized."

"Crazy," I said. "How do you feel about the 57 suspensions the university handed down on those who participated in the study-in, May 29th?" An action which was called to protest the university's failure to comply with a demand by the Student Government group that the administration stop giving the Selective Service System class rankings of students seeking deferments. (A practice which has been stopped.) It was the Faculty Disciplinary Committee hearing of the students at Mandell Hall on Memorial Day which we had attended earlier.

"I think," Jeff said finally, "the university was too severe by the suspensions. Much too."

"Fellas, what do you think about the underground? Yes or no."

Both smiled, and this time Aiken answered first. "Fun to watch. Refreshing. I like what they've got to say."

And then Jeff added, "And it fills a need, among other things. I haven't read all of your papers, but I'm definitely for it."

I thanked them for the interview, smiled at the girl and, after shaking hands, took off. Later that night, after reading several issues, I came to the following conclusions. That the Maroon springs forth twice weekly, and is a self-parody; a college college newspaper. Furthermore, that until its June 30th issue, it had worked long and hard at being only this, unconsciously. Through no fault of Jeff Kuta, for he became editor on May 26th.

Although the topics moved, the style was terribly dated and square. Written from somewhere in the 40's. The late Lenny Bruce could have started another career on just the layouts alone. Since the brass of the paper were not journalism majors, did they have to put out exactly like the ones journalism instructors get their nuts off with? I soon fell asleep without an explanation.

And so we wrap it up. All three papers. Although as far as our thing is concerned, the Herald is extremely late, the June 30th issue of the Maroon indicates that they are, however, endeavoring to make contact with us. And so, even though VOICES' ownership has changed hands recently, it remains the only Hyde Park paper worth picking up. However, I hope that Jeff Kuta makes me eat my words. For all have much love in Hyde Park.



It's funny how we humans are about naming things. We can't sit still until everything is named and categorized. An unknown bothers us more than any physical pain; and when we do get a name for it, we relax and feel we have mastered it, its essence is ours.

I've been reading Games People Play (always up with the latest thing from three or four years back, that's me) and find that Berne has named very aptly several of my pet games. The first reaction was "Hey! Yeah! That's just how it is!" and a distinct feeling of pleasure. Then I started thinking about it. Because I have (with the aid of a book) discovered a name for some of the things I do, I feel as if I have mastered these things. Before, they were things that I did without thinking, a part of my nature, immutable (at least from my end of it - they do change, but it has always seemed that they changed of themselves, without consulting the Real Me), like clouds or trees, things with which I had no connection or blame. Now I have conquered. I do not need to know anything but the name of the game and I am superior to it. It is Only a Game.

You know, that's not true. I am just as much at the mercy of the same forces as I was before; and my feeling of power is deceptive. A parallel situation is the one of the reader of political satire who feels that because he can laugh at the (actual) bad situation, he has conquered it. And he continues laughing and does nothing to remedy the situation, which gets worse and worse. This is the trouble with reading the Realist too much. The satire is so apt, and so well done, that I for one have a tendency to leave it all right there. It's deceptive.

This is not to say that we should never read satire or put names to things. But it's important to keep in mind that the name isn't the thing. And once you have named your enemy, you have yet to fight him.

Everyone is engaged in the vital argument of our time: is peanut butter better than pot? Now you can find an alternative solution: they're great together.

To one teaspoonful of cream-style peanut butter add one joint's worth of grass, spread on bread, add jam if you swing that way, and go. It's got the texture of crunch-style peanut butter, or so I've heard. I haven't tried it myself (not being a peanut-butter addict) but have it on reliable authority that it's really fine. No muss, no fuss, no cooking, and just think of the residual high you can get when it sticks to the roof of your mouth.

Fat Man

His belly dominates his knees, as if the world sits in his lap, the obscene beast That rides him day and night and holds him off

From function. All our jokes, he sits Pressed thickly down from burdened flight, more than most men could accept of Fate. And who can say what shrieks Inside his walls, or ours? We are all freaks.

profundity SUCKS

Not too long ago someone connected with the Seed in about the same capacity as mine was heard to say "We've got to show these kids the way," or words to that effect. It occurred to me that this statement takes an awful lot for granted. First, just who in the hell do we think we are to be showing anyone anything? Second, who are we showing things to? Third, what have we to show?

To take the first question: exposure to the public eye does not necessarily confer the prophet's mantle (or the guru's loincloth) on a writer or group of writers. This column is great fun, great egoboo, great self-expresso. But I sure can't tell anyone else what to do just because my words reach print and theirs don't.

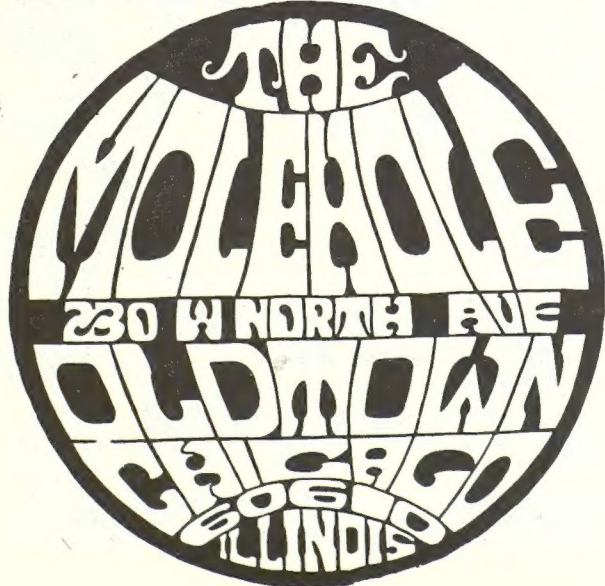
As for the second point: you know, I keep talking to you out there, hypocrite lecteur, mon semblable, mon frere, but I don't know who you are. I see people in the street reading this paper, all different kinds of people, in all different bags. I would really like to know who you are. Write to me at the Seed office and let me know if I'm really only talking to myself.

As for what the Seed has to show: right now, it doesn't seem to know too well. Everyone agrees that there's a vast potential for something or other that is not being filled, but nobody's agreed on just what it is. Several people have said, and I agree, that there is really no hippie community in Chicago. The reason is that there is not much community of any sort in Chicago, just a bunch of separate small towns strung out like beads on a string. Even in one neighborhood, this one, there are layers of existence that not only don't mix, they don't even touch. Like the teenagers who come in from the suburbs and the old people who have lived on Concord Place for the past forty years. Or the owners of tourist-trap shops on Wells and the young married middle-class types who live up in the Triangle. Or the black kids from south of North Avenue and the white kids from north of North Avenue.

How does a community form out of such a conglomerate population? How does a newspaper express community in such a place? I'd like to hear from you about that, too.

In the meantime, I await the anarchist revolution and (with the poet) the rebirth of wonder.

Watch, pray, and laugh.



The Writing Off of Hiroshima

the mushrooms of hiroshima
were planted by untrue men
but the means
create and justify our end

the mushrooms of hiroshima
blew every body's mind
up in these enormous stems
of death

hiroshima was an american boomtown
in 1945 it mushroomed all over japan

that was 1945
chromosomes do not forget
Major Claude Eatherly did not forget
Japan can not forget

america forgot
and gave Major Eatherly
\$237 each month
for his extreme nervous depression

(NOTE: Eatherly regarded the pension
as a premium for murder. He never
touched the money but took to petty
thievery and was eventually committed
to the Ft. Worth prison.)

Eatherly ... Eatherly ...
a strange name
something like ether
something like EARTH
something like EASTER

they say he flew and bombed
for love and god
perhaps he thought he did
until something terrible
happened to his dreams each night
who is Eatherly now
where is the next ground zero
what warriors of this generation
fly high above
with bombsight eyes
dreaming of August 6th, 1945

such a good way to end war
consume people in a fireball
the very food of death

I was born to pearl harbor
I played with plastic toys
when hiroshima happened
I climbed trees
when korea split wide
now ... viet nam
and all I can do
is write poems
and

pray for the eyes of all men
to open wide before the universe

before the universe
spits us out

Robert Reitman II

Keep Chicago
clean -
Work a hippie



PISSOIRS ARE WHAT'S
HAPPENING



mutations

freaks

half man and half seal
he can do anything with his flippers
that you can do with your hands
with one exception

he never hugged a girl
squeezed a girl in his life
he got flippers like a seal
he got no arms;

while the legally upside-down man
from Puerto Rico
has to go through life upside-down

but he'll amaze you with the things
he can do.

but our feature attraction
is the man with two faces
on one head

the face on the left
is as handsome as that
of any man here

but the face on the right
doesn't look like that -

it's as different from the other face
as night is from day.

the face on the right
is twice the size of the other face

it's the most bizarre sight
you've ever seen
he looks like the man from Mars

when he comes out on the stage
to tell you his story
you won't laugh

mother nature's mutations
they are all here
they are alive.

edith meinecke

BURYING STONES

of varied sizes
shapes and forms
of copper or of brass
turned green

take a last look
their strange allure
is going, going, gone

and going going
is their melancholy charm.

Incinerators shall point
sharp noses at the sky
and paint a yellow mustard gas
that once was I

and you will say
there, but for the grace of Life
go I.

These crucifixes
of eternally suffering Christs
and guardian angels
keeping stony watches

they too
are going going gone;

take a last look.
Admit;
they had their charm.

Edith Meinecke

Graffiti from
Division St.
Underpass



We race of aliens, we slender beauties,
Mated grisly apes among the ferns;
Are shouldered by them in the streets
And hang from elders in their eyes.

MIDWEST ARTISTS
FOR PEARL



DYING FOR THE OLD HOMESTEAD

mom and pop at home
safely tucked away
in the old double bed
while Junior is dying
dying for the old homestead.

dying
dying
dying for the old homestead.

dying for Standard Oil
dying for General Motors
and for Fox Place Travelers,
careless with the screws;

dying
dying
dying for the second car.
infants clamping their mother's severed
teats

reach the moon, still sucking
dying
dying
dying for the S&H stamps.

(whatsa matter lady
don you believe this country
is worth dying for?)
(Sir, I believe in this country so much
I even believe it is still worth living for.)
dying
dying
dying for the old homestead.

Edith Meinecke

We Are All Alone, Together

tomorrow's not a fact
only a state of mind
whose sums I cannot add

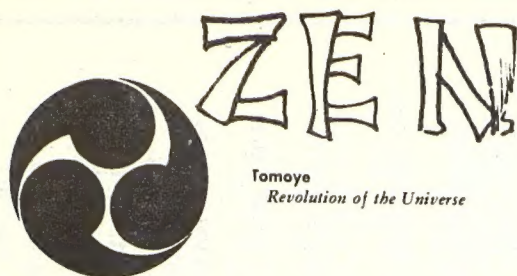
these ticking seconds
within the fragile crest
of the immediate present
this thin placenta
called Now
is all there is.

Edith Meinecke

Sex is good
Sex is great
if I dont get
I masturbate

ARTISTS' COLLABORATIVE
Portfolio

20 B&W silk screen prints in
limited edition. By Richard
Hunt, Jerome Walker, Rodney
Quiriconi, Seymour Rosofsky,
Dominick diMeo and others.
\$12 6 E. Kenzie, Chicago
60611. Bread goes to publish
books on civil rights, censor-
ship and other current topics.



Tomoyo
Revolution of the Universe

by Rev. Soyu Matsuoka
Zen Buddhist Temple of Chicago

A student of Zen once asked a Master, "How shall we attain freedom?" and the Master answered, "Who put you under restraint?" He would have us understand that the freedom is within us and that it is enlightenment.

Freedom in Zen is often misunderstood. People often confuse it with escaping from restraints or prohibitions because the traditional religions of the West abound with them. Rejecting these religious creeds, they reject the restraints and they think they have found freedom. When they hear of "freedom in Zen" these people think this means doing anything one wants to do. Especially in "Beat Zen" there is a tendency to be unrestrained and do anything for the experience it gives. They do not understand it as a spontaneity or a naturalness that comes from being enlightened or from seeing the true nature of the universe. The freedom in Zen is not an escape from religious restraints, but a living in the fullness of the stream of life that has revealed itself. It is like being an autumn leaf floating on the surface of a mountain stream as it rushes over the water-smoothed rocks. The leaf just follows where the water leads, not trying to avoid the rocks and yet not being torn by them.

Freedom in Zen is best described by being called a naturalness. It is acting without hesitation, and yet in a most compassionate manner. One becomes free when he has seen his and the world's true nature, when he knows that all is One, so that he is no longer conscious of himself. He no longer hesitates to act, thinking, "what about my reputation?" or "what will they think of me?" or "is this being natural?" The man who is free does not hesitate before he acts, and yet he does so with the highest degree of morality.

Freedom in Zen exists within everyone. The answer to the question of the Zen Master, "Who put you under restraint" is "Ourselves". Our unenlightened minds cause us to hesitate and think of ourselves or of this or that distinction. But, when we become enlightened, we cease to think of ourselves or of distinctions, and we are no longer attached to ourselves or the world. We still think and feel, but no longer "block" anything, and we are able to enter into everything wholeheartedly. We learn that we are united with the universe and that everything we do takes on a spiritual quality. Our meditation is no longer separated from our work, nor our work from our meditation. When it is time to eat, we eat, and when it is time to sleep, we sleep. We no longer study the teachings of the Buddha or the Sutras in an effort to learn about Zen, because we have found the essence of Zen in these simple, everyday acts; we do not have to seek Zen in a book or in a printed word, because it is within us. Within us, is the Buddha-nature. When we are aware of this truth, we become free because our minds see the true nature of existence and they have no limit. Into our hearts comes the compassion of the Buddha. Into our awareness comes the boundless power of the universe.

How do we find this freedom? We should not say, "By meditation and work" because we might fail to see that this would make them merely means to an end. Instead, we should not fail to see that we are already free. If we think of meditation and whole-

hearted work only as a means, we may fail to realize that this freedom is already within us. Instead, practice Zen because you are a Buddha from the beginning and are living in the world of freedom! If you realize this, it will be the starting point of your Zen life. All beings are originally enlightened and free.

The thought of Zen is the flower
The mind is attracted by its beauty

The art of Zen is the fruit
Its savour comes home to one's heart

The practice of Zen is the life
By it the body and mind become strong
and continue to prosper for eternity

We love the flower of Zen
We rejoice in the fruit of Zen
We yearn for the life of Zen

Here are some of the effects which will appear when one's Zazen is in the stage of perfection.

The body is filled with the feeling of good health, and has the elasticity of a rubber ball.

The mind is clear and refreshed; its functions are agile and quick. One finds happiness in whatever he does. He finds richness of life in everything he attempts.

One knows clearly his life's direction and has no hesitancy.

He is calm, brave, and happy in his thought, speech and conduct.

He is open-hearted, unsophisticated and spontaneous. He does not hide things from others. He is in harmony with his surroundings, into which he assimilates himself. He does everything with sincerity and initiative.



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HOOKAH

you simple How is it possible, you ask. Well, old-fashioned famous see method

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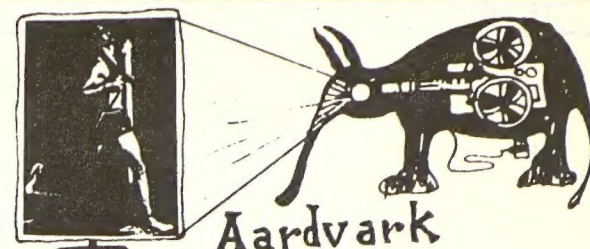
IF HE WERE ONLY TALLER

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RECORDS

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Buy above with all this power, learn right what positions to take, carry it with you wherever you want to do it. Yet it's from the famous "Merry Widow" Waltz. Buy it now! Sound, based on the famous "Merry Widow" Waltz.



Kenneth Anger may be a faggot, but he retains his maleness. The first time I saw "Scorpio Rising" I felt an adolescent excitement with the sound of revving hogs, the heavy if ambiguous masculinity; at Aardvark last week it was mostly hilarious: heavy boots waddling interminably, somehow conveying the self-conscious image of the wearer; lighting a match in his teeth and burning himself as Brando probably did, learning to do it for "The Wild Ones"; pissing in his helmet before an altar, and staring at the golden-red reflections, you wonder if he'll drink it. The whole mystique of the motorcycle cult is here: homosexuality, Nazism, paradoxically the Christ-imitation (spiritual power!), the hard sex of gleaming chrome and black leather, dissipated in masturbatory vibrations on the road. Mounted warriors of some esoteric ideal, the last knights.

SUPPORT AARDVARK CINEMATHEQUE

Walter Dinsmore, putting away on a Honda with his ubiquitous mother, also perceives a peculiar reality: being a Mother-Lover, all the women he meets are not only his mother, but pregnant as well. "Chafed Elbows" is a modern Oedipal tale carried to its ultimate extreme. Walter in his "ner-vous breakdown" state is not a helpless victim of grasping lust; when his cousin (mother) informs him she is pregnant, he does the most sensible thing and drops her out the window. When the hotel clerk has a heart attack at the sight, he buys off the police with a watch and a fifty dollar bill given him earlier by ... oh, well. He makes love to a guest at a Bar Mitzvah, a matter which he describes during the event in a perfect rendition of fancy pornography like *Story of O*. Sex hang-ups in these films provoke Zen laughter.

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WARP

by Richard A. Ogar

Introductory

The following interview with Andy Warhol, Paul Morrissey, Nico and Ultraviolet took place at the Presidio Theatre on August 28th, and is condensed from a much longer conversation.

Ogar: People keep telling me you're a put-on. What would you answer?

Warhol: Well, I don't know we just really work so hard and just don't worry about those things.

Paul: We don't have time to enjoy the joke that everybody seems to think it is. It's just that in most art forms people can do different things. If you did something unusual in painting or music, people wouldn't think it was so unusual, but movies are set into one big commercial thing and its very hard to change.

Ogar: What sort of things are you doing with film now?

Warhol: Well, we just sort of found out that we might open our 25-hour movie here, at the film festival. But I don't really believe in long movies anymore, because ... people just don't have the time. We're just going to be working on hour movies. And then we also decided to make the same movie over and over again, with the same story line.

Ogar: Are you going to experiment more with technique?

Paul: It's always been nothing BUT technique.

Nico: Always.

Ultraviolet: So much flashing.

Paul: I mean, the earliest films were just a technique; there was nothing else. You mean technique as to content, form as opposed to content?

Ogar: I mean something beyond the use of the stationary camera.

Paul: But the stationary camera is the most incredible technique. But now it's getting (to be) more conventional technique.

Warhol: Well, the 25-hour movie I cut every minute ... Everybody keeps saying I don't cut, so I decided to fake it.

Paul: "Chelsea Girls" is very realistic. This one is sort of UNrealistic. SURrealistic.

Ogar: Do you intend for people to sit through the entire thing?

Warhol: Oh, no.

Nico: They can sleep.

P: But in San Francisco, these flower children ... sit in their rooms all night listening to music and smoking drugs and looking at one another, so I think some of them wouldn't mind large doses.

N: It's more in the spirit of the West Coast than "Chelsea Girls" is.

O: Are you devoting yourself entirely to movies now?

Warhol: Oh, yeah.

O: Have you considered making any in San Francisco?

W: Well, I hate to ask people for money, it's just such a drag, so we're doing some work - we were commissioned to do a sunset, so we'll do that here. It's for a church. We've done just little bits and pieces, but every time we start it the sun sort of disappears. The

W: Well, I don't know. I like them; but it's so weird ...

P: I wonder about drugs, whether it's a long term thing or a short term thing. I think, though, if they do find a lot of dangers, like LSD and children being born deformed ...

W: But the funny thing about it is, I mean, you can never really know. People really lie. I mean, they can just lie about anything.

N: We can get better drugs, too, and make fantastic children ...

P: But there's no reaction against it. The reaction against drugs has never begun yet ... and it's going to come, it has to come because everything big gets put down by a reaction against it.

W: But everybody's freaking out - people are up on downs and down on ups.

U: We blow our minds.

P: Is heroin used much in San Francisco?

O: It doesn't seem to be.

P: That's funny. You know, a year and a half ago in L.A. I already thought that LSD was going to become a joke - like, even to mention LSD a year ago seemed so tacky. And it just got bigger and bigger, and it's still the going thing. And there're still no references to anything derogatory. I mean, I'm looking for a resurgence of alcoholism.

W: Oh, but people are too awful on alcohol.

I mean, they really are.

P: I think they're more convivial.

W: But the ones who really drink, you know, they're always fighting.

N: Well, they're more destructive towards other people. With the drugs it's more towards yourself.

W: But I don't understand why all the real love people are really against amphetamines and things like that. Although even the ones who talk about it in New York, they seem to all take it. They seem to be all against it, but they take it.

P: Well, you see, that's a part of the hypocrisy of LSD, which is based on a hypocritical thing, that it's a religion when it's a drug. And then, that they take drugs and put down other people who take drugs is also hypocrisy. And that's why, really, there's a lot to be said against San Francisco and its love people, and a lot more to be said for the New York hard-core degenerate. I mean, I think LSD is much more debilitating, because I think over a period of years it affects the mind much more quickly - amphetamine takes four or five years before it really makes your mind go away. But on LSD, they act so silly and slappy, like a prize-fighter who's spent a lifetime in the ring and come out of his career with a broken nose and a stupid way of talking and acting. LSD boobs act like that all the time, and they're maybe only on it a year or so.

W: Well, you know, we have about five people who have just never come back.

P: The LSD, I think, is also much more incapacitating. Amphetamine actually incapacitates you, you know - it makes you more energetic and industrious. Especially in musical things. And I don't think LSD in any way helps anybody, except maybe some of these

modern, much more what's happening. San Francisco is sort of a commercialized version of the drug scene. It's better to be secluded, I think. Secluded people are more interesting than people who group together in organizations. Like, the person who works for IBM isn't very interesting because he's part of a large organization. A person who's part of this hippie garbage I don't think is very interesting.

N: (to Paul) How do you know you're not?

P: Not what? Part of a group?

N: How do you know you're not a hippie?

P: Get away.

N: Because you're not wearing flowers?

O: Is there much communal living in New York?

W: It's different. The people are different in New York.

P: They get together in New York and they fight.

W: It's, I guess, more evil, or something, I mean, they try, but ... they have these Diggers, and I guess they really fight. I don't understand it, because the whole idea is supposed to be beautiful and everything. But then they have these meetings and they fight.

O: You know, the Diggers are very active out here, providing free food and clothes and housing ...

P: That might kill the whole beatnik thing. It takes the challenge out of it.

N: Yes, it's too easy. Right.

P: The thing is to be a flower child ... go in like the Communists do - infiltrate and destroy the thing. You know, like cause trouble, steal, cheat. Then you'd be accomplishing something. (Pause) Oh, another thing I talked about last night with Ondine. The drugs limitate so many things - I mean they take away problems, but they take away comical things too, because the drug people find everything funny. And so, when something is really funny I don't think they really appreciate it.

N: That's because you can't see what they see. They see more than you see.

W: But it's very funny, I thought it was a little opposite here ... I thought they're NOT enjoying funny things anymore.

P: No, they don't seem to really know - they just keep a big grin on their faces.

W: I mean, like, they were enjoying the real things, you know, like just smiles or hugs or kisses or something like that, but if you tried to be humorous or something like that, it was like you were different, and like "How dare you make a joke?"

(As I was turning over the tape, a discussion began about Tim L. Where was he? Had his mind been affected by LSD? Why his "medecine show" was such a flop, etc.)

P: Well, I like Dr. Leary. I like his joke. When the box office dropped off ... they brought in Allen Ginsberg as the second feature, and someone said to Leary, "Don't you think Allen Ginsberg has been around so long as the leader of the Beatniks and the hippies that he should be the leader of this religion rather than you?"

And he said, "Well, I don't know. I think

O: Have you considered making any in San Francisco?

W: Well, I hate to ask people for money, it's just such a drag, so we're doing some work - we were commissioned to do a sunset, so we'll do that here. It's for a church. We've done just little bits and pieces, but every time we start it the sun sort of disappears. The whole idea is so simple. It's like a painting, really. It was pretty, because it was just like a stripe painting with a little round ball that kept moving down, and the water was getting a different color.

O: Susan Sontag once said that she felt you had been exposed to too much publicity too soon, that it may have stunted your artistic growth. She seems to feel that an artist develops better in obscurity.

U: In a darkroom.

W: Well, I'm not being evil about Susan, but they said the same thing about HER in Newsweek this week.

P: That's true of anything visual. I mean, Pop Art became a commercial thing.

O: Yeah, the ad agencies started taking from YOU the things you'd originally taken from them - almost as though they'd never seen it before.

N: Well, it's not until it gets around and more people do ads that something's recognized. It never, never is until then.

P: Other people make all the money.

N: Right. Always.

O: That's part of the game.

W: Yes, and it's kind of marvelous, too, because they never even know that you did it, which is sort of nice, too.

O: What about the hippies in New York...?

P: There really aren't any.

U: The climate is too rude.

W: Too rude?

U: They can't sleep in the park.

P: And the houses are awful.

W: Oh yeah, I know. Everything is so pretty here. I mean, even if you keep to your room, it's so beautiful. But there it's really, uh...

P: Sordid, I mean, like the hippies have moved into the Negro neighborhoods here, and in New York it's inconceivable for hippies to go into Negro neighborhoods because they're so incredibly bad. Even the neighborhoods which are sort of a mixture of Puerto Ricans and hippies, they're sordid and unpleasant. You have to be very rich to find a good place in New York City, so the hippies don't survive like they do in San Francisco.

O: Do you think the hippies have presented us with a viable life style?

who have just never come back.

P: The LSD, I think, is also much more incapacitating. Amphetamine actually incapacitates you, you know - it makes you more energetic and industrious. Especially in musical things. And I don't think LSD in any way helps anybody, except maybe some of these people who do these drawings on LSD, color patterns. But color patterns are color patterns - they're not really creative, they're decorative. The music is creative, and the musicians all use amphetamines. LSD is not really so wonderful. It's just that it was a thing that was latched on to first by a skillful propagandizer. I think, you know, it would be much better to push some of the other drugs.

W: Which ones?

P: Well, heroin or amphetamines.

W: Oh, but heroin is really awful.

P: No, I think I'm really for heroin, because it doesn't affect you physically, if you take care of yourself.

W: Oh, I guess if you're rich, you can really go on it and really be very happy. And you can really afford it, because it never gets that expensive. But I guess it's bad for the ones who can't really afford it, and have to steal or something like that.

O: But won't it eventually take its physical toll?

P: It really doesn't. It really helps. You never get a cold - it cures colds. It started in the United States as a cure for colds.

O: Have you ever considered moving your headquarters to San Francisco?

P: It would be easier to work here.

W: Yes, but since I'm not pushing anything I can work anywhere.

P: If you come here, you're going to get identified with the cause or something.

It's all right to be a degenerate or a drug addict, but here they make a thing of it, and that's corny. You should do it by yourself, like they do it in New York. If you do it, you should be an outcast, but to be an outcast and to organize and make your community, that's sort of ridiculous. I mean, if you're going to be a drug addict, be an outcast. Don't be a drug person in a community of drug people, because it's silly.

I mean, that whole garbage about the Indians and that tribalization garbage - people are supposed to get more modern, not more primitive. L.A. is much more modern in that sense, they don't have the tribalization stuff, they just have degenerates living in the suburban houses. L.A. is much more

they brought in Allen Ginsberg as the second feature, and someone said to Leary, "Don't you think Allen Ginsberg has been around so long as the leader of the Beatniks and the hippies that he should be the leader of this religion rather than you?" And he said, "Well, I don't know, I think it's because the last Jew who started a religion didn't fare so well." But he was great there, because he was, you know, an Irish charlatan, and I do hope he really hasn't been too affected by the drugs.

O: To get back to you, Andy - what's your concept of yourself?

W: Well, I really don't have any.

P: Which is a concept in itself.

W: I mean, it's not really me that's doing it, it's the people we have.

P: We do find really good people in New York. I suppose there are really good people out here too, but nobody goes around really finding great people and trying to make use of people as a medium almost.

Like, they DID do it in Hollywood in the 30's when they found these fantastic stars like Greta Garbo, and then they dropped off... and tried to develop scripts instead of stars. The scripts are always forgotten about and the stars live on.

W: There's something about stars, they sort of happen by themselves. They have a sort of magic that just comes out.

O: What sort of stance do you take toward the world?

W: None, really, I've gotten to a point where every day is a new day for me and I just don't seem to remember the one before.

O: Do you consider yourself to be quite a political?

W: Well, the reason I don't sort of get involved in that (is) because I sort of believe in everything. One day I really believe in this, and the next day I believe in doing that. I believe in not war, and then I DO believe in war if, you have to do it. I mean, what do you do about it?

O: How much planning went into "The Chelsea Girls"?

W: Well, we did it all in a short time, it took us three weeks or something. Most of the good parts were done really in one day.

You know, they just happened.

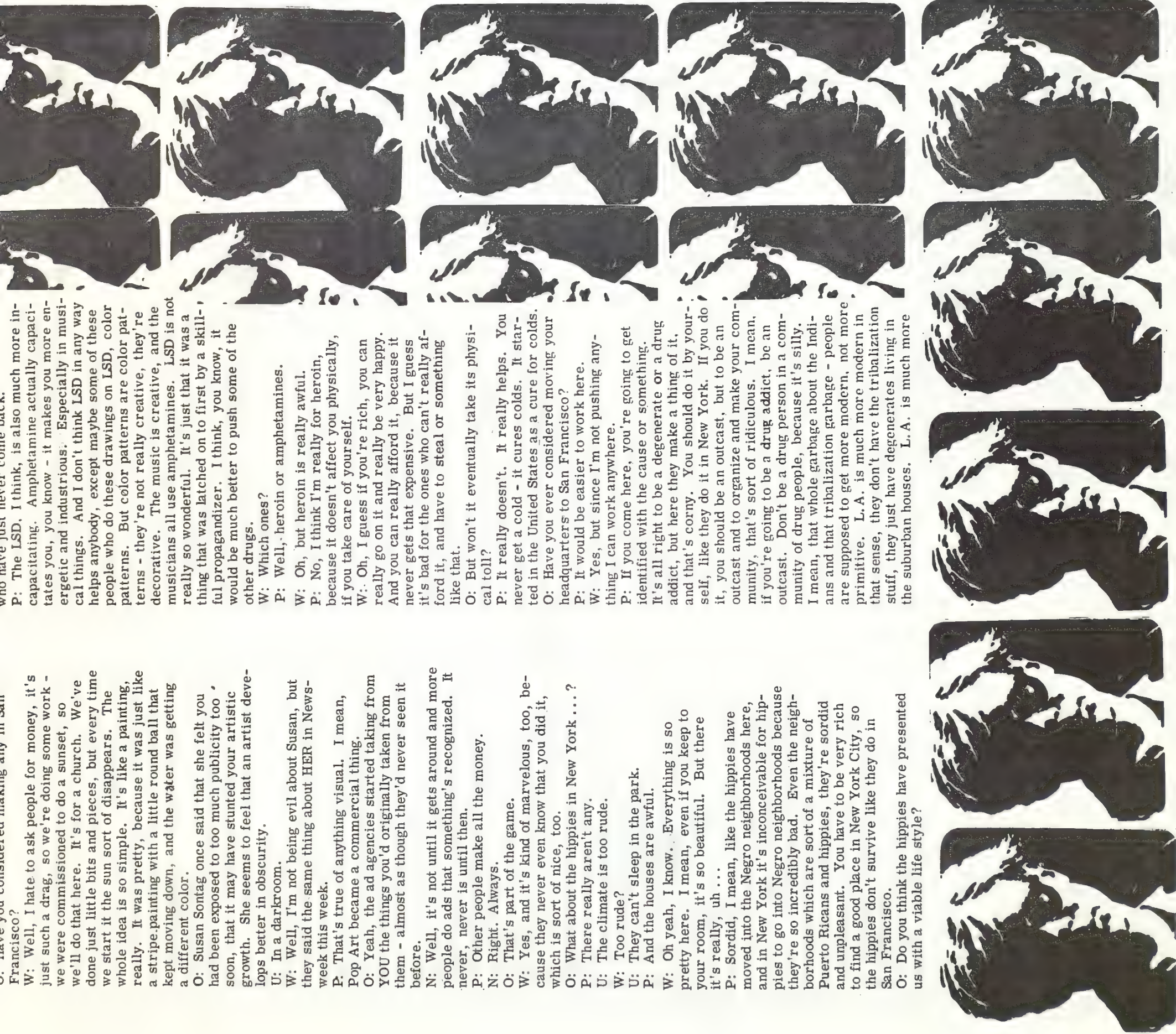
O: Like Ondine's final scene?

W: Well, I don't really believe in violence and stuff, but we happen to see it so often in some of the things we were filming, and I always shut the camera or something and got nervous about it. So this one, I guess I've been so used to it that I didn't shut it off. I just walked away. Because I feel bad about the girl, you know. It wasn't her fault. I mean, she just happened to be there, and it didn't matter who she was, because if it wasn't that girl, it would have been somebody else.

O: Is there anything you'd like to say in parting?

P: Yeah, we want to know where the Salvation Army is so that we can go in our Limousine Cadillac and buy some hippie clothes.

W: There's one thing I'd like to say. The kids out here are really great, because they really are so cool and they just don't pay attention to anybody. It's really fantastic. Well, that's the nicest thing, I think...



AMERICA NEEDS

SUPERPOT!

reprinted from EVO

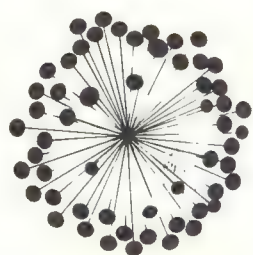


To obtain pure cannabis resin - almost colourless, odourless, tasteless: take hash and reduce to a powder. Dissolve in small quantity of petroleum ether. Ordinary lighter fuel will do for this purpose. Shake and bring to the boil. Take care it does not explode - lighter fuel boils at about 70 degrees. Unwanted muck will settle at bottom. Pour solution into a saucer, flush muck down bog. Allow lighter fluid to evaporate. This can be done in a few minutes by using a hair dryer or heater. A very small but highly potent quantity of cannabis resin is obtained this way.

To make it stronger: expose pot to ultraviolet light. A sun lamp will do. Five or ten minutes exposure is enough. Under optimal conditions, using powerful ultraviolet light in science lab, for one hour, one underground researcher was turned on for 48 hours by cannabis resin.

Extracted resin can be ingested in a number of ways: for safe dosage, smoking is best; dip an ordinary cigarette into solution of cannabis resin and lighter fuel. In a moment or two, you can prepare a packet of 20 straights. Let lighter fluid evaporate before smoking.

Superpot does work. Cleaner, less fuzzy than standard pot, its effect is more like a small trip. Superpot could be major blow to fuzz. Bradley Martin Joint of Honour is extended to those who discovered it. Become a scientific researcher. Experiment. Take notes. Send on the results for your fellow beings.



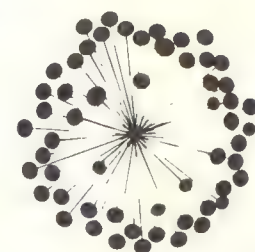
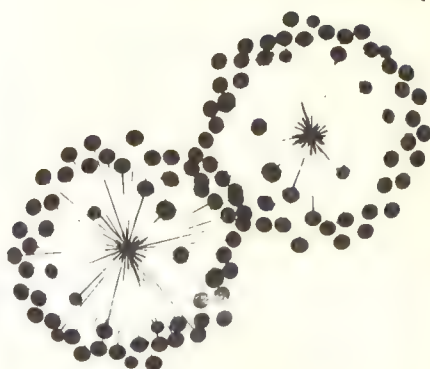
IT'S HERE AGAIN
Paintings, prints, sculpture,
booze fr. our friends,
Harry, Maley, King & Van Marm
Sat. Sun. Sept. 23-24 dawn to dusk
3225-23 Sheffield



Biologists at the Royal Zoological and Botanical Gardens, London, report a new sub-miniature mutant variety of the Cannabis plant. The strain appeared spontaneously in the rich topsoil in the bottom of a huge birdcage containing hundreds of ravens, crows and jackdaws, and seems to be the result of germinating birdseed. Exceptionally rich in Cannabinol, the new strain is characterized by leaves whose twisting whorls bear an uncanny resemblance to art nouveau foliage. Scientifically distinct from both Cannabis Sativa and Cannabis Indica, the new species has been tentatively named Cannabis Merryguano. The English, however, have nicknamed it "Cor" because it stones the crows.

--John Tiger Kelly

PROOFREADING IS THE OPPOSITE OF POETRY



Mole Busted ! . . . Again... ?

The Mole has gone down again
busted busted busted busted at
the border border border for
six seeds six seeds six seeds
in his car car. September 15.

So what about those concentration camps?
(For booklet, "Concentration Camps, USA",
by Charles Allen, send \$1.00 to The Realist
Dept. 75, Box 379, Stuyvesant Sta., New
York, N. Y. 10009)

From THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.

That, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it and to institute new government . . .

But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government.

* * * * *

VRDOLYAK



ABORTION

A book by Lawrence Lader
Reviewed by Carl Robb
(Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. 211pp. 1966.
\$5.95.)

Illegal abortion is the leading health problem in the United States. There is one abortion for every 3.6 births and half of all childbearing deaths are attributed to illegal abortions. A hospital abortion is one of the simplest and safest of all operations, less dangerous than a tonsillectomy. Lawrence Lader in this book outlines the world of illegal abortion, the relation of abortion to birth control, prices, places and opposition to abortion in the United States.

The primary opposition to legalized abortion is from the Catholic Church. Catholics themselves do not oppose legalized abortion, only the official Church. Catholics comprise 20% of all abortion patients, almost equal to the Catholic ratio of 25% in the total U.S. population. The Catholic Church's opposition to all birth control information is responsible for the high rate of abortion deaths. Over-populated Latin America, where conceptive training is omitted from medical schools due to Catholic pressure, has the highest rate of illegal abortion deaths in the world. Other Catholic pressure has resulted in the banning of this book in Spain and the threat of excommunication to any member voting for a governor known to be an advocate of birth control. Unless the Catholic Church soon changes its official policy on birth control, as it did on eating meat on Friday and the use of usury, humanity is in for the largest man-made disaster in the form of over-population that history has ever recorded. It is ironic that the Catholic Church did not outlaw abortion till 1869 but now acts like it has always been a god-given sin.

Lader does not discuss the possibility of illegal abortion rings contributing money to police pay-off and politicians who will oppose legalized medical abortion as is done with gambling and drugs. Lader's research shows that abortions provide no physical or psychic damage when done by competent medical physicians in a society where they are approved.

According to Lader therapeutic abortions have almost been eliminated in the U.S. Catholics or other people who oppose abortions are allowed to sit on the abortion committee in many public hospitals with the result that many hospitals boast that they have never given an abortion.

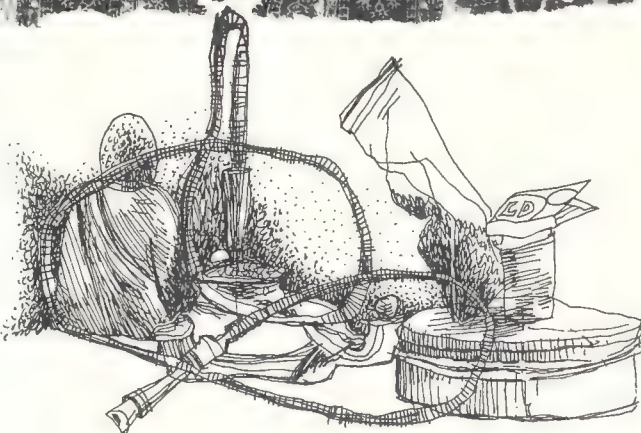
Even though no reputable physician has ever been convicted for performing an abortion in a reputable hospital, the medical society has allowed itself to be cowed by a vocal minority so that only 8000 legal abortions are performed in the U.S. each year in comparison to one million illegal abortions, many done by leading doctors.

Lawrence Lader has done a good job in this book of untangling the myths and hypocrisies from the tragic realities of abortion. As he notes once a woman has decided to have an abortion no law is going to stop her. What remains to be done is to make it as safe and easy as possible for her.

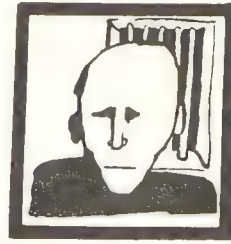
IN-SANITY SUFFERS

An eviction notice is the culmination of harrassment leveled at the In-Sanity head shop at 7651 N. Paulina. The case comes to court Sept. 20, at which time the Seed will have gone to press. The notice complains that the store is a "hang-out for beatnicks (sic), hippies, etc." That "large crowds are gathering" and that "obscene buttons and pictures" are sold. In-Sanity has suffered more than other head shops in Chicago because it is located in a community which prefers its own ignorance to criticism of existing conditions. Mike Royko's sympathetic column in the Daily News as the harrassment began only aroused more hatred in the persons responsible for the store's difficulties. The Seed advocates strong support for In-Sanity's proprietor, Harvey Gidon Aldort, by whatever means possible. Call him with offers of aid and comfort at 465-9196.

J. EDGAR NEEDS A GOOD LAY



| | | |
|--|---|--|
| The Seed 245 West North Ave. Chicago, Illinois | | |
| Name | Enclosed is five dollars for a one year subscription. | |
| Street & Number | Enclosed is nine dollars for a two year subscription. | |
| City | Enclosed is twelve fifty for a three year subscription. | |
| State | | |
| Zip | | |



At present, I'm living in a prison at La Paz, Baja, California; here because of the sacred marijuana. It has turned out to be somewhat illuminating. I have become good friends with a number of Mexican potheads, who have been growing the finest grass for many years. They have informed me that the ultimate quality pot is produced in a precise manner. First, the plants must be cut at complete maturity, and they must be very gummy. They are immediately wrapped in air-tight wrappers (commonly used in Mexico is the wrapping found on freshly picked corn) and buried for a month. Next, the wrapped pot is dug up (at this stage it is still gummy, but very concentrated) and immediately put into air-tight jars in the following manner:

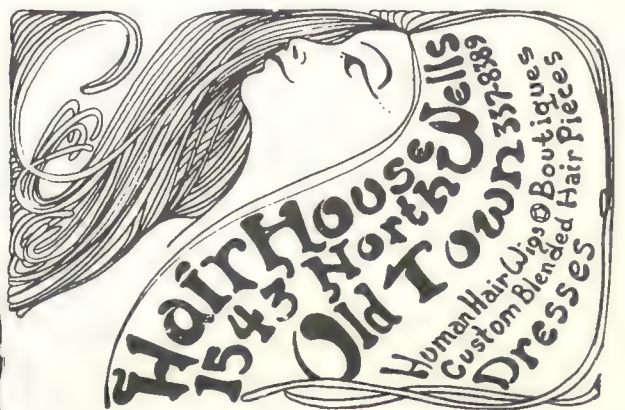
Place a small quantity of pot in the jar, then an orange peel; then more pot, and another orange peel - etc., till the jar is full. After putting the lid on tight, either bury the jar or leave it in the shade. Top quality pot, like fresh milk, loses a good percentage of its potency, i.e., spoils, in just a few hours of exposure to air and sunlight.

Based on my experience with hundreds of hippies, certain basic essential facts are not commonly known. Listed as follows, they are:

1. Acid (300 mcg. minimum), when used in combination with the finest quality pot, produces a new state of consciousness that cannot be produced by any amount of acid or pot alone. This new state can well be described as "illumination and bliss".

2. The ultimate test for the quality of pot is obtained with the aid of a cat. Assuming you have gotten high enough to know that cats are always in a very high spiritual state, proceed as follows. Place a quantity of the pot to be tested in a bowl, and put it in front of a healthy cat. If - and only if - the pot is the highest quality, the cat will eat it. But if the pot is slightly inferior, the cat will sniff it, give you a questioning look and walk away.

from John Wilcock's OTHER SCENES



Running in the grass we were,
And lying on the roof;
In odd hours of the night
You'd come for comfort in the dark.

Now all is tame.
We phone before the visit:
An evening of quiet talk,
A little wine.

When the world tuned around,
Where were you?

We had so little:
The closeness of poverty,
A shared cigarette.
Now we exchange dinners;
Our hands never touch.

When the world turned around,
Where were you?

You tell me what you're doing,
I speak of the show I saw;
It's all so very comfortable
And we're never there at all.

O the world's turned around;
Where are you?

...Barbara Schultz



FATHERS

You say that we are scum
because we sing;
You shout that we are vile
because we dance;
You rush to punish us because
our hair is long,
our legs are shown,
we earn our keep,
we do not want to fight.

Because we will not take your
favourite drug,
Because we will not follow in
your ways,
you use the law to injure us,
But none of us have ever said:

OLD MEN

You have been ruling for 1000 years,
Why: Is the world still half illiterate?
Why: Is two thirds of the world still
hungry?

Why: Do 800,000,000 have no work?
Why do you hover on the brink of war
each night?

Why do you so loathe the likes of us
Who want to pass their time on earth
right happily?

YOU ASK FOR

GRATITUDE.

For what? For schools where lies
are taught?

YOU ASK FOR US TO BE PROUD OF YOU.

For what? Your only true reward
is money.

YOU ASK FOR OUR

RESPECT.

For you! who squabble all day long
among yourselves?

YOU SAY YOU DIED THAT WE SHOULD LIVE.

What cock! You died to save your-
selves

From the biggest mess you ever made -
Except the next - which you are busily
preparing.

Oh, my dear Fathers,
You are a ten thousand year old flop.
Your systems do not work,

Your politicians lie,
Your Army, Power, and Police,
Only make matters worse.

Yet you are ours and we are yours.
And when you're old we will comfort you
And when you're tired we will nourish you,
And when you're dead we will bury you
With fife and flute and drum.
But do not try to make us be like you.
No doubt we have some tears to come.
Men always do. And they shall be our own.

Christopher Logue

reprinted from IT

The summer of my youth has faded into the
wispy withering smoke
of winter.

Gone are the days of
hell-raising, whoring,
and general disregard
for society.

Dwelling in the past makes the
medicare ridden wrinkled,
faces of my personality.
come out.

Longing for the sleep of hours
I sleep for but a few minutes.

Seducing my thoughts and pimping
my brain for a moldy, warm
cream cheese sandwich of
penicillin bread.

Social pressures force short
hair-cuts of ear expression
to hell with it! grow
hair grow!

Go now rebel of my youth!
Dancing broads want the symbol
of my masculinity and
golden calfs and creamy thighs
of Babal. Hear me! Protest!
Protest against age, stay within
the confines of your innocent
youth.

Fuming over with disobedience;
don't break the adult's whims
and first-class flights
of fancy.

Blood on white dresses is no
symbol of virginity. leave
virginity to professional virgins
and Greek goddesses on pedestals
of asphalt and concrete.

Come on Jesus make it 7 or 11 again!
God i love you, so please pay all of my bills!

The army of conformity girdles
Your mind and causes your mind to
enter a state of pure funk
and junk.

Be a patron of mental cat-houses of
self-satisfaction, which cannot
be---

Where society is one mortal, he would
be a man among princes and would
quickly be crucified. . .

i quit . . . you quit . . .; yet we keep on
coming and going on in our fogged
up existence.

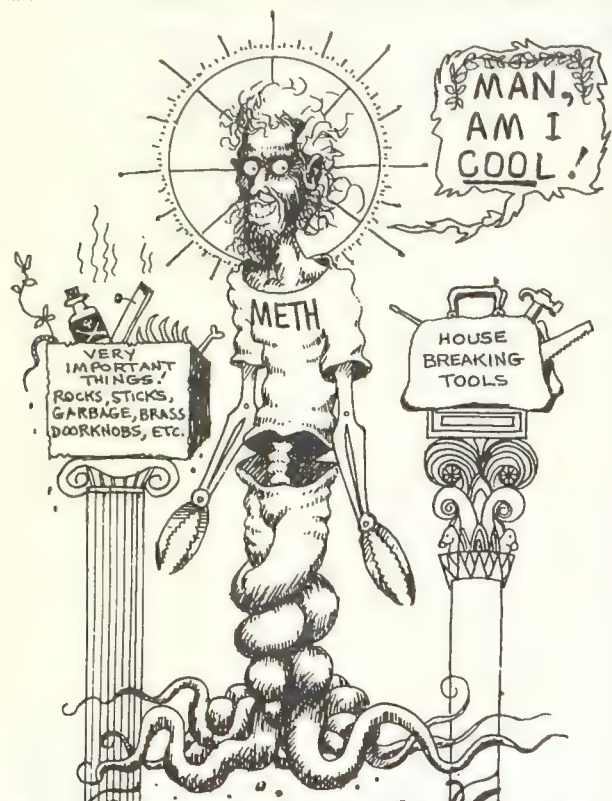
Taking an overdose of reality may be fatal;
(whispered in a hot ear)

one has given birth, as well as against

one must learn to protect oneself against the tigers to which one has been begotten by others.

THE ILLITERATE
ARMY
WEARS GREEN

This quiet
is like the snow
In an old nest



Methamphetamine was available, when it became popular ten years ago, in ampules. The purity of product, the ease of acquiring it and the low price, brought many people to a point of shooting 60 cc. a day, not sleeping for two weeks, scarcely eating, and after six months of this, turned them into what are now called "meth monsters". It seems that meth, along with its euphoric and concentrative aspect, causes brain cells to atrophy by destroying the capillaries which nourish them. Without rest, the mind degenerates into a goon state of incessant muttering.

Amphetamine is now sold mainly in a crystal form, and though it is impossible to cut it without harmful effects, the greed of speed dealers causes them to follow the age-old path of cutting. An overdose results in cerebral hemorrhage, a bloody horrible way to die.

All those who have been hung up for long periods on speed put it down, even as they refuse to break away. Amphetamine may be the most destructive of all known drugs.

A methhead, if he does succeed in maintaining a crib, fills it with strange objects which have taken his fancy. He has no concern for petty things like putting cigarettes in ashtrays or washing himself. The floor is a litter of curious projects worked on for several days and then abandoned. It is difficult for anyone not on the trip to see what those projects might have been. They began with a clear idea, but went a course to some mathematical infinity unknown on this earth. In time, the methhead becomes extremely paranoid. He hears voices calling his name, telling him what to do, warning him of dangers. He imagines that his friends wish to do him harm, so he nails up his door and windows. He becomes obsessed with morbid visions. He is a lunatic. If he does manage to stop, it takes a year to recover from the effects, and much of his memory is gone for life.

Of my friends who used meth, one shot himself; one took a deliberate O.D. (my God); one stepped into the path of a car. These in the last year.

In the first days meth is a beautiful, releasing high; if you can't bear the paranoid hell of the come-down, you keep going up. And you never admit something is wrong, you never see the filth around you or the fear for you in your friends' eyes. You are convinced that you are working on something which will make the world exclaim. You die to yourself.

Speed kills. It isn't a fun kick - it's an unending nightmare. I've been there, I'm never going back.

UNDERSTANDING CHROMOSOMAL DAMAGE

by Smitty

The threat of chromosome damage is a superbummer. Newspapers and magazines are bombarding us with cases in which acid may be related to birth defects. The same stories appear again and again.

Aldous Huxley knew where this tactic was at when he wrote, "62,400 repetitions make one truth." A lot more and better research needs to be done before anything definite can be said about what acid does to chromosomes.

If you don't want to believe that acid causes chromosome damage, you don't have to. Acid has not been shown to affect human reproductive cells in any way. A panel of geneticists recently concluded that there has been no proven case of a birth deformity in an LSD user's child (*Time*, Sept. 15, 1967). All of the babies reported to have birth defects have been born to women who took acid during their pregnancy. The abnormalities cannot, therefore, be traced to chromosome damage in the uniting reproductive cells at the time of conception. The acid probably crosses the placenta and freaks out the fetal development. For the babies' sake, pregnant women should not take acid trips.

The evidence for chromosome damage as a result of LSD therapy reported by Dr. M. M. Cohen in *Science*, March 17, 1967, is invalid. Many schizophrenics have glandular hang-ups that affect the production of white blood cells. The one schizophrenic patient studied may have had abnormal white blood cells before LSD therapy. Secondly, the article reported no increased chromosome damage for 35 "control" schizophrenic patients who had received Thorazine and Librium treatment. But both of these downers actually do cause chromosome damage, so the absence of excess chromosome damage in Cohen's 35 "control" subjects is unexplainable. (*Time*, Sept. 15).

In spite of all this, a lot of heads are understandably psyched up about their chromosomes. They could find out if their genes are busted, but it costs a lot of bread to have a chromosome check-up. Children's Memorial Hospital charges \$120.00 for the examination.

Hopefully, somebody doing research on acid will cheaply check the chromosome of heads who can give an accurate account of what drugs they have taken and when. The author is trying to find someone in Chicago who is ready to do this in order to answer the chromosome damage question once and for all.



In a revolutionary time, such as the one in which we are living, it is imperative that all dimensions of life keep pace. If all phases of society fail to participate or fail to keep informed about the changes being wrought in some sectors, a calamitous situation emerges. Such a situation is upon us: a situation in which there is no dialogue, communication, or understanding, a situation that is dehumanizing, harmful, and explosive. What is happening to persons and institutions in this time of change must be addressed.

The church and its ministries have frequently found themselves being swept along by changes in society. In order to address what is happening relevantly and meaningfully, the Vanguard Ministry has been formed. The Vanguard Ministry's aim is to create channels for confrontation, dialogue, and understanding between the young adult, the church, and the community. It is a ministry of research, experimentation, and theological reflections; a listening, learning, and enabling ministry. The Vanguard Ministry is an ecumenical group ministry project that involves laymen and clergymen in the church's mission on Chicago's North Side.

Presently, there are three persons from three different denominational backgrounds involved in the VM. They are the Rev. Stephen Whitehead, and Evangelical United Brethren clergyman, Father David Sass, an Episcopal priest, and Mr. Mark Welch, a United Church of Christ layman. Hence the exploratory adventure of meeting the needs of a revolutionary time by creating new dialogic alliances and structures of relationship has begun. The VM is participating in the Arts Workshop, which is a community center sponsored by the Church of the Three Crosses and involving the Old Town Players, two drama workshops, a chamber orchestra, the Girl and Brownie Scouts, the Near North Unitarian-Universalist Fellowship, and prospect for other cultural-community activities.

It is the intention of the VM to expand and intensify its ministry by being available and present "on the street." The task of interpreting what is occurring on Chicago's North Side is imperative. Perhaps the ministry's orientation is best set forth by Nietzsche when he wrote, "Into every abyss do I bear the benediction of my year to life." The Vanguard Ministry is committed and prepared to speak and carry its word of affirmation and liberation to all persons in all settings. The ministry's goal is to contribute to man's struggle to be free to enjoy himself as an individual in responsible mutuality with his fellows, and to be generative of the possibilities whereby man can create and discover himself and his community in responsible freedom.

The church basement contains a Free Bakery, where breadmaybe picked up on Monday and Thursday.

The VM is seeking \$10,000 to purchase a bookstore which will serve as an economic base for the ministry as well as a place out of which ministry will occur. All gifts are tax deductible, and can be made payable to the Church of the Three Crosses for the Vanguard Ministry.

After the placing of the bad trip number in the Seed, the ministers received several calls of need, and were able in one case to aid a reconciliation between a run-away 13 year old boy and his father. The boy had been subjected to a 24-hr. trip when someone put asthmadora in his Coke. See instructions for bad trip number in the Seed ads.

the Yellow Unicorn

Folk Music & Arts

868 North State

944-9827

On The Near North Side

LOCAL BOY MAKE MUSIC that is!

by Joe Gallagher

If you want to hear good modern music in Chicago, you can hear Adderley, Brubeck, Evans, and Farmer at the Plugged Nickel on North Wells. You can also hear the Dave Catherwood Quartet at the Yellow Unicorn, on State, a couple of blocks north of Chicago Avenue. The time: Tuesday evenings from 9:30 to 1:30 and Sunday afternoons from 4:30 to 9:30 (roughly). Other nights folk and blues performers are featured at the club.

You'll marvel at the virtuosity of this group, as individuals and as a unit. Take reed man Rich Corpolongo, who on occasion has played with Miles Davis' pianist Herbie Hancock. He has strong chops, and on alto sax he plays with an intensity reminiscent of Cannonball - see what you think. Rich also plays fine flute, soprano sax, and tenor sax.

You'll also dig the deftness and good ideas of Dave Catherwood on vibes. (Incidentally, Dave has played with accordionist Art Van Damme's group.) Wait till you hear Roger Wanderscheid on drums. Roger plays with Bill Russo's Chicago Jazz Ensemble - credentials enough? Talk about imaginativeness (he always brings his bells, thumb piano and Chinese gong, too) and swing!

The Quartet's material covers a broad area, from wailing blues to mainstream modern to "new thing". They create, you can be sure: not only do they play that way, but also they write much of their material. In an average set you're likely to hear, say, Rich's lovely "Valse" or Dave's haunting "Alec Out West".

At the Sunday set the group is joined by



At the present moment the hottest group around seems to be the Jimi Hendrix Experience; they have broken records throughout Europe on their concert tours, records that had been set by such notables as the Stones and the Beach Boys. Now the big question that comes to mind is, will Jimi Hendrix & Company be able to make it in the land of the free? Going by record sales, it would look like Hendrix has a good chance: his single recording of "Purple Haze" is starting to move all over the country (except in Chicago where it hasn't even been released yet - how come?) If you are pondering how you can get to hear the great Experience, the secret is to buy the album which is even available in Chicago.

The best-selling albums are as follows:

- 1 - Jimi Hendrix Experience
- 2 - Doors
- 3 - Fresh Cream
- 4 - Byrds Greatest Hits
- 5 - Sgt. Pepper's one and only Lonely Hearts Club Band
- 6 - The Fudge

blues singer Terry Collier (who performs at the Unicorn on Friday and Saturday nights). You should hear them get into it on "Work Song". "Been a-workin' hyeah on th' chain gang ..."

Be sure to catch them: the Dave Catherwood Quartet, at the Yellow Unicorn.

For anyone who digs jazz, there is a new Wes Montgomery album titled "A Day In A Life" (A&M sp 3001) which contains selections such as Windy, Eleanor Rigby, Joker, the title, and a few more goodies.

Other fast-selling albums:

- 1 - Herbie Mann at the Village Gate
- 2 - Love-In by Charles Lloyd

Best-selling R&B:

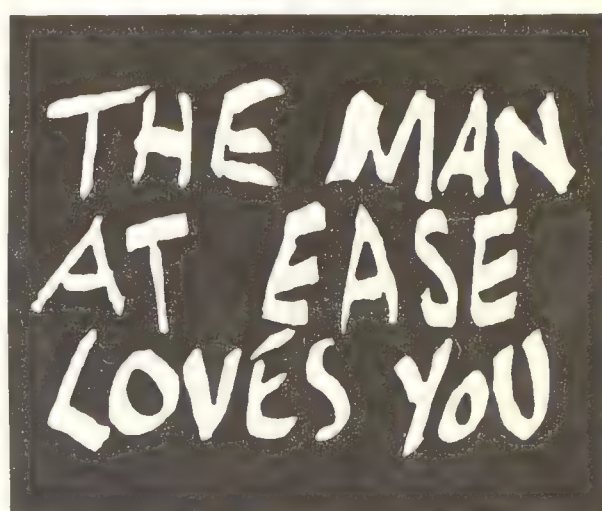
- 1 - Any Temptations albums
- 2 - The Supremes Greatest Hits
- 3 - Super Hits

Is Ravi Shankar putting out more albums, or does One Octave Lower have to keep more Shankar albums to meet the demand?

Best-selling singles to date:

- 1 - The Letter by the Boxtops
- 2 - Never My Love by The Association
- 3 - We Love You by the Stones
- 4 - Little Ole Man by Bill Cosby
- 5 - People Are Strange by the Doors

Thought to get hung up on: are the Stones and Beatles really joining together on We Love You, and furthermore do they?



POT
IS PASSE. PILLS
ARE PLEBEIAN
ACID IS ASSININE
FOR A REAL
TRIP WE DISSOLVE
A COPY OF SNEL
SILVERSTEIN'S
ALBUM, "DRAIN MY
BRAN" *IN A GLASS
OF WATER AND
INJECT IT DIRECTLY
INTO OUR
HEARTS!

* CABET LP/LPS 4058



lutheran Action committee

A national conference of young adult Lutherans, deploring "disastrous trends" in American foreign policy and race relations, challenged the Lutheran church "to a new openness to radical change for greater justice, equality and dignity." Meeting at Fourth Presbyterian Church in Chicago, the Lutheran Labor Day Conference on War and Race attacked "Lutheran quietism in social, economic and political matters."

Addressing the church and the nation, in an adopted document, the participants stated: "Let us no longer be the primary source of reaction and despotism in the world. Let us remember our own revolutionary tradition and truly recognize, in word and action, the genuine right of oppressed people to overcome the sources of their oppression. The revolutionary imperative found in the Gospel and the prophets of Israel compel us to act for the poor and the oppressed".

Significant actions taken by the conference included:

Strong condemnation of American involvement in Vietnam and other parts of Africa, Asia and Latin America.

Plans for studies, speakers bureaus and direct action with regard to both war and race, including sit-ins at draft induction centers, support for the October 21 marches against the war in Vietnam.

Support for the goals and most of the methods of the Black Revolution. For information, contact Ruth Porisch at 1445 N. State Parkway, Apt. 21E, Chicago. Phone WH 4-6441.

Take a Look in the Mirror Take a Look in the Mirror

Go ahead run away - go pillow your prejudice in
green lawns and downy tree-tops
Form ass-O-ciations and car pools - say
you've
done it all for your kids - what a coward's
lie that is.
Oh - you can grow grass and cut it down and
fertilize it and sit down and watch it grow
and cut it down again - but that doesn't work
on kids.
Sure - when they're little and weak you can
keep
them locked up in some candy-ass Dick and
Jane
school where everybody always PLAYS FAIR
(or else)
Where they have each other's mirror-faces
to look
at as they recite that horse is a kindly pony
named
Merrylegs - and ghettos are picturesque
places in
Europe where people live because they want to
But kids get bigger and bigger until they can
see
right over your heads and they get a real good
look at the sealed-life lab-system you've got
them bottled up in.

Then they begin to gather together down on the
corner under the great elm trees and they sit
in the grass and whisper - whisper about things
with words like cock and cunt and fuck and shit
in them - words that you've always taught them
nice children don't ever say.

But they don't want to be a nice children any
longer - they just want to be alive children
so they run away - escaping in ragged disguises
like little lame princes - right back to the
dirty dangerous exciting city to fight it out
barefoot with the cops - at least that's what some
of them do - for a start.

-Elizabeth LeBlanc

THE COATPULLER

There is a revolution going on, and a lot of people have been getting ready for it for a long time, though not as obviously as some others. The "riots" are only the most obvious and most superficially violent manifestation of the change that is taking place in America today. The real change, the change that will make the total change possible, has been going on inside people's heads and in their small communities of heads and bodies. It has been quiet - "underground" is a really precise name for it - but it is beginning to be felt all over, and has to make itself even more known, and in a really pure form, so the process of evolution-revolution can be speeded up in order to beat the death-merchants to the controls.

I mean that bomb-power and death-power can be freed up and put to human uses, to make the world a paradise again.

Two major steps have to be taken and gained before the planet can be saved: (1) that the materials of the earth, and the potentials of human beings, have to be liberated from the control of money and greed and made available to all men; and (2) that men themselves in the most personal and individual terms, have to learn to live with themselves, first in a singular sense and then in a larger sense of "themselves", have to learn to use their human equipment, all their senses and actions, or first their own pleasure and utility, and consequently for the pleasure and utility of all their fellows. What I want to say is that every man has to be an artist.

From the end of the paleolithic era to the present, for obvious economic reasons, only a few men were permitted the practice of art, in its fullest definition as both "technique" or craft, and magic or religion.

All the actions of men on this planet are "political", though many of my friends in various "movements" seem to feel otherwise, i.e. that specific actions can be separated out from the whole and categorized as "political" or "economic", etc. A "political" body can only be made up of a number of individual bodies, and no abstractions are even relevant.

It is only as individuals can they save their single selves from the disease and rot that our civilization has come to, that any change can be effected. No one can save any other man - everyone has to get at it for himself before he can be of any final use to himself or others. Our culture has moved, again for the fairly obvious "reason", to a point where stasis is a desirable state, or so the overwhelming majority of people have been made to think. We have to stop thinking, we have to move beyond "desire", we have to know that activity, the transference of energy in its purest forms, is what keeps us alive - that we have to do things for ourselves, act for ourselves, find out things for ourselves, in order to keep from dying in our skins.

Americans have been made into voyeurs - the mass media above all, the hands of the money people who desire stasis because stasis means control, means that people are made to stand still long enough to buy things they don't need and don't have to pay for any more. The mass media have made it so that people want everything given to them, all information, all knowledge, that some sponsor will give them what there is to know

in return for their buying his product. Consequently few men know how any more, or feel the need to know how, to find things out for themselves, and are losing the ability to do so. Anything atrophies and dies off if it is not used, skills and crafts more than anything else. If we do not begin to use our senses, our hands and eyes and ears and spirits, we will be locked into a death-grip of stasis and disuse that will see the whole planet blown up once and for all.

Much of what has to be done can only be hoped and prayed for - that the men in control of the materials and resources of the earth either die off fast (and they are doing just that) or become enlightened (as their children, and the younger ones of them, are becoming enlightened and made aware of their senses after centuries of deprivation). It is the so-called affluent class in America that have become the most deprived, even though many would change that to "depraved". They have been furthest removed from their senses. Now there are agents that can effect this change -

healthy fucking and good art keep us open. We have to change within ourselves, and marijuana, spread the knowledge and feeling of that change, and hope that it will reach those around us.

The change is taking place all across the country, certainly in Detroit, and around the world as well. The change takes different forms, as is proper and natural, as geographies and climates are different.

reprinted from Fifth Estate

The author of Coatpuller, John Sinclair, has in the last two years become one of the major voices of the underground: a founder and worry man of Artists' Workshop in Detroit; edits the Detroit Sun; wrote and published several books of poetry (one for the narco who busted him); and several other Workshop books.

LETTERS TO THE SEED

Dear SEEDs,

I've just been reading the last two issues of SEED and had to write you to thank you for them. What a lovely paper! I was happy to see my column reprinted in your current issue, and happier still to see the beautiful things in the last issue - the piece on Trane is perfect, believe me. We want to reprint it on the program notes for the Coltrane Memorial Concert we're doing the 24th (Trane was born on the 23rd, 41 years ago, the first day of Libra) and will send you a copy of the bill. Also the interview with Ralph Metzner, who we met here in Detroit just before he got to Chicago I presume, was very precise and necessary - we want to print it in the SUN if we can get all of it in. He's sure a beautiful cat! And the pieces on hippies are excellent too, and give a very true feeling.

I don't know what else to say but please keep it up. THE SEED has improved terrifically over the first few issues and now is a total delight, at least for our eyes here. Thank you.

Love to you,
John Sinclair

THE SUN Trans-Love Energies Detroit

Dear Seed

Perhaps I'm not where it's at, but I have come to the conclusion that there must be something good about flowers and seeds; not because the Establishment is against them, but because it is afraid of them. Why else would the Pentagon prohibit the purchase of sugar cubes for use in any of its two restaurants, six cafeterias and ten snack bars?

Sincerely,
W. N. L. Burbank Jr.
8100

dear seed.

I write you this letter
I want to reach you
and others through you
down around eighteenth and halsted
where i live i took a walk
tonight over east of here
by the river
there were two or three silent drawbridges
two for cars and one for trains
i watched an engine towing a caboose
cross that bridge
lots of silent locked-up-for-the-weekend
factories
huge playgrounds
for trucks in the daytime but, the nighttime,
mine
there is an island of two or three blocks
of homes in the area
i saw one, i was attracted over to look at
it
by this wild out of sight sign painted on the
window
i think it's for sale
(i plan to check that out next week)
my idea is to find a bunch of us:
art students, writers, in or out of school,
learning and doing our thing
and right now not with too much money
but we might be able to afford together
this building
which looks like a good
community
building

for our not quite yet founded
community.

if anyone is interested i hope
you are you should get in touch with me
and any friends you think are interested
--even if not interested in moving in
personally
just interested in the idea or me
or the people it will bring together
you being one of them
call or come see me.

david (which means) beloved
gilmartin
732 west nineteenth street
chicago 738 2630

Dear Seed,

The world and its seemingly hypocritical ways ail me. Trying often to be open and expressing your belief, I met smugness and animosity. Seeing this I became used to restrained joys, woes, angers or even "seemingly" radical opinions or beliefs. But finally guidance did come and raised me from the rut. It was in the form of a Chicagoan Hip couple from Old Town, Richard and Marie. They feared not the back-patting and hypocritical people who let themselves be ruled by out-dated mores. Their souls were free and clean. Free and wholesome uncensored communication regardless of style or content, by any ways or means, I had found. It was a rebirth. Now I still harbor my own ideas, but at least now I have people who are people and not reproductions and stereotypes of our highly moral society. They are free to move as they please in spirit and mind.

Mr. Arch
Detroit

Dear Seed,

As I sit here, (in comparison to other students).

I am indeed alone. But friend I am not alone. In actuality, I am the whole ... they the parts. I'd rather be alone in form and mind than to be classified as a damn statistic.

I see sheep around me ... a bloody lot of lost sheep.

Friends, if you have any creativeness ... can find any kind of vibrations ... drop out ... expand.

Thou shalt not kill ... WHY do we have war ... It is your duty the plastic people of so called society say. Why follow their set patterns. You don't have to unless you have a mind to. The ancients of today are in a falling reign, but WE don't have to follow. Forget those hangups and find your groove.

The end is coming and it's a sink or swim thing baby, and in this case the long time champs are not ahead. So to the many that are disillusioned, troubled, and confused ... forget everything, find your head.

Forget that so called American dream (that really belonged to your long gone forefather) and learn to BE again. Find yourself before it's too late. You can't take their essential materialistic ... things of society with you when you die ... and when the end comes then where is that American dream that you

sweated and broke your back for.

It is true ... We are being confronted by a vast majority of plastic people ... and when they start to melt baby there's sure going to be a stink.

Donna Rolph
Chicago

Dear Seed,

Are you interested in the opinions and observations of an older person (about two generations away from the current crop of "hippies")?

Something has been bugging me about these kids, at least the ones who are recognizable by the costumes they wear. I think I finally figured out what it is ... last week I happened to be passing by the shop on North Ave. that deals in buttons, noticed that they offer custom service, make up your own button, right? Well, I've never worn any kind of button in my life but it seemed like a fair challenge so I walked in and ordered a button to say on it "I'm Leary of Acid." That ought to be worth a smile from the granny glass long-haired hippie behind the counter ... not a bit. He grimly accepted my order ... we checked on the spelling of Leary (from another button) and I felt the shop with much the same feeling that I have when I shop at Marshall Field's.

Point is, they're a grim bunch, these kids. They tend to become a kind of burlesque of the establishment, in much the same way that homosexuals who adopt a super-feminine facade, become a kind of bizarre burlesque of their female antagonists. Ultimately, the hippie charade (in terms of their costume and manners) may turn out to be as pathetic and absurd as the homosexual in drag. When the summer is over, I suspect that most of them will go home and get haircuts and wash their feet and go back to school, the ones that survive their adventures with dangerous drugs and cautious experiments in civil disobedience may write some interesting essays on "What I did on my summer vacation."

Unsigned

You're partly right.

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THE SEED

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Six weekends

Sept. 15 thru Oct. 22

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Admission - \$2.50

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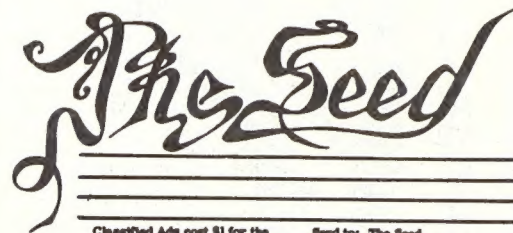
For Reservations call: 522-0430 (9 to 5)

MIDWEST ARTISTS FOR PEACE

October Events

6th - Second City dedicates it's program
to M.A.P.7th - (Saturday) 8:30 PM - The Free Poets,
sponsored by M.A.P. Unity Unitarian
Church, 656 W. Barry - film, poetry, music.
The program will consist of an organ recital
by Abba Leifer, films by John Heinz, rock
and roll music, experimental sound and vi-
suals of Jay Bitterman with the poetry of
Edith Meinecke. Among the poets to read
will be Robert Watt, Bert Lieberman, Ben-
nie Luchion, Joffre Stewart, Carlos Cortez,
Florence Levinson, and Iven Lourie, editor
of the Chicago Review.21st and 22nd - Evening program at Mandel
Hall - film, theater, poetry, music, dance.
23rd and/or 30th - Harper Theater - program
to be determined.25th - Midwest poets, folk rock, jazz, poetry,
possibly string quartet - Circle Campus,

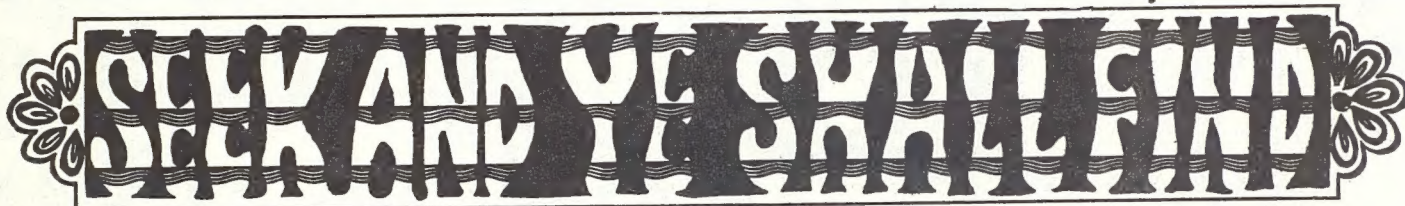
Illini Hall, 2:00 PM

28th & 29th - Parker School - Theater
incorporating poetry, directed by
Wroblewski.

Classified Ads cost \$1 for the
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tional line.Send to: The Seed
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THE SEED'S BEEN PLANTED HERE



Bad Trip - call 645-0145
Ask for Mark Welch, Steve
Whitehead or David Sass SPE-
CIFICALLY - do not speak to
anyone else. Alternate number
664-1696. If all else fails, leave
a number where you may be
reached.

Drop City in Colorado is planning to put
out a hitch-hiking manual (which will be
distributed free) on the various state laws.
For example, in Colorado you must be
standing still and carrying a sign (no thumb)
or risk being busted. Anyone interested in
supplying information on various hitch-
hiking laws, write Drop City, Rt. 1, Box 125
Trinidad, Colorado 81082.

The Chicago MIRROR, Chicago's other under-
ground paper, needs somebody who can do
vari-typing. We've got a machine, but no
typist. We can't pay - but look at it this way:
it's an opportunity to meet the staff of the
Mirror and learn about publishing as well
as a chance to get with us while we're still
struggling to make it. Eventually we'll make
a fortune - and pay you a huge salary. Right
now we need some body to run the varitype ma-
chine late at night without pay. We need a
dedicated person with faith in the Chicago
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seeks hip chick in 30s, for love
and talk, think, and do! Art-
Photography - Existentialism
Etc. (Other contacts also).
Gene Kalin, 588-4070; Eves.

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your friend from R.I. Urgent!
Jim Conte, 12 Cactus St., Providence
R.I. 02905. How could anyone so soft
be named Stoney?

